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NATIONAL REVIEW

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November 20, 1962

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Hopes and Fears of Europe

THOMAS MOLNAR

God is a Brazilian

KENNETH SNOW

What Ever Became of Bachelors?

FREDERIC NELSON

Fall Book Number

EUGENE LYONS · STEPHEN J. TONSOR · HUGH KENNER

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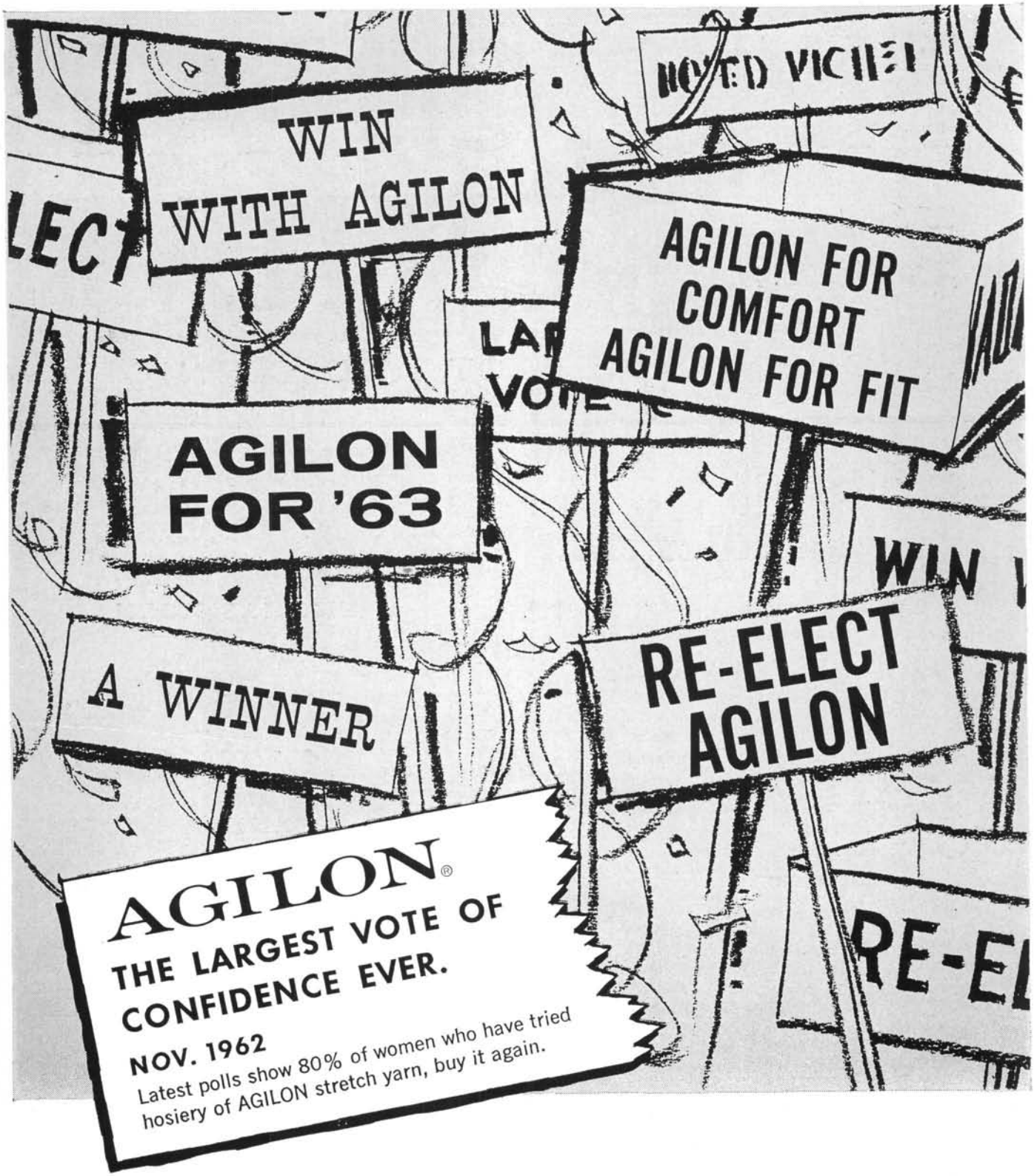

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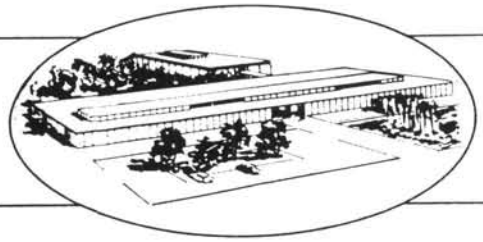

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

→ much of which was locked up just before last week's election—we write about Brazil, Berlin, Europe, and Cuba. **Kenneth Snow** is a Maine industrialist who has undertaken to let business go and tear about the world in behalf of NATIONAL REVIEW. He has written to us at considerable length from Brazil, and from his letters we have stitched together a report on that gay and inscrutable—and perilously perched—country, where, when things go wrong, one blames it on foreign "spoliation." . . . **Thomas Molnar** breaks down the dream of Charles de Gaulle long enough to submit some searching questions to it. Prof. Molnar's new book, *The Two Faces of American Foreign Policy*, has just been published by Bobbs-Merrill. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** writes shrewdly about the amazed reaction of Europe to the President's tentative show of force on Cuba. Europe has for years taken it for granted we would protect her in times of military need. But here in the Caribbean the U. S. was asking Europe for help! . . . **Francis Russell** writes movingly about Peter Fechter, who was shot down last summer trying to breach The Wall, and lay wounded for hours within sight of American troops. Whose fault was it? Russell knows. . . . **Russell Kirk** has a look at the great freedom of the press controversy at Colorado University. By the way, the beleaguered president of Michigan State University has fired back at Mr. Kirk, saying that "harassment by gnats, mosquitoes, and flies buzzing about one's head can be very trying and unpleasant, but is seldom, if ever, fatal." Leave it to a chickenologist to know how to take care of gnats! Expertise, boy. . . . And **Frederic Nelson,** recently retired as chief editorial writer of the *Saturday Evening Post*, submits a pleasant jeremiad over the loss of the bachelor class.

→ This is our fall book number and we lead with a brilliant essay by **Hugh Kenner** on, or rather leading from, Robert Menzies McAlmon. . . . **Stephen Tonsor,** professor of intellectual history at the University of Michigan (not the chickenologist's university, the other one) writes about the reluctant scepticism of John Stuart Mill, and the need to do for him what St. Thomas Aquinas did for Aristotle. . . . **Gordon Tullock,** professor of economics at the University of Virginia, is unimpressed by Rachel Carson's horror book about insecticides. . . . **Eugene Lyons** finds much that is useful in J. Edgar Hoover's new book on Communism. . . . **Edward C. Banfield,** professor of economics at Harvard, reviews the new volume by Milton Friedman, *Capitalism and Freedom,* with enthusiasm, but also with a warning. . . . **Theodore Sturgeon,** #1 SF writer, writes about his non-peers.

→ **Louis Zukofsky** is not everybody's laureate, but is concededly one of the principal living masters of phrasing and cadence. Mr. Zukofsky's *Bottom on Shakespeare* will be published shortly in Texas.

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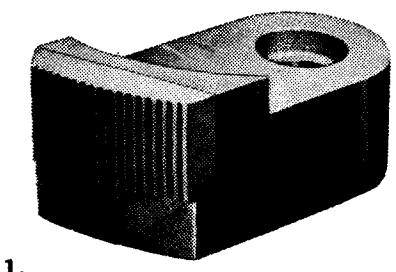

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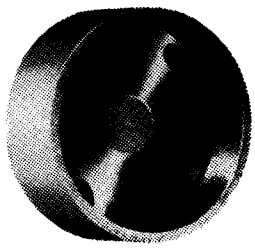

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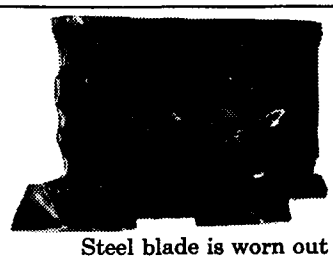
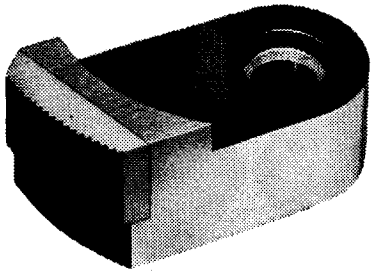
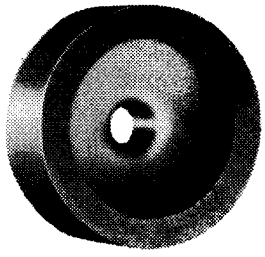
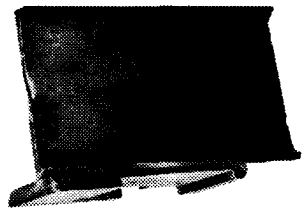


3. Steel blade is worn out after only 140 hours of operation.







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The WEEK

● Chester Bowles, Special Presidental Representative and Adviser on African, Asian and Latin American Affairs, proclaimed last week that apartheid in South Africa is "the worst situation in the world today." Repeat: "the worst situation in the world today." End comment.

● Strike for Peace's most ambitious enterprise to date, a week-long demonstration in New York City (Monday: Don't Buy Anything. Wednesday: Picket War Industries. Sunday: Honor those who have refused all military service and other conscientious objectors; and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday assemble here, march there, picket those) got off to an unscheduled start, the elements butting in. Scene: Columbus Circle. Purpose: Major airlift of 500 helium-filled balloons with pacifist leaflets. Destination: Cuba, Russia, Canada. Participants: 100 strikeforpeacers. Uninvited Guest: a 50-mile-an-hour gale which snatched balloons from strikers, tossed them against buildings, scattered the leaflets down the grey and rain-lashed canyon toward Madison Square Garden, strikeforpeacers panting in hot pursuit. It was peace the hard way.

● On September 1, 1961 the leaders of India and twenty-two other non-aligned independent nations met in Tito's Belgrade under the spiritual leadership of neutralist-in-chief, Pandit Nehru. Before they were through they had attacked everyone and everything pro-Western and anti-Communist. On November 1, 1962—a fortnight after Red Chinese troops had mounted two major offensives against India—the very Western nations which had come under the harshest attack were rushing to offer Nehru aid against the aggressor. Still to be heard from: India's twenty-two fellow-non-aligners. True to their principles, Afghanistan, Burma, Cambodia, Ceylon, Cuba, Cyprus, Ethiopia, Ghana, Guinea, Indonesia, Iraq, Lebanon, Mali, Morocco, Nepal, Saudi Arabia, Somalia, Sudan, Tunisia, United Arab Republic, Yemen, Yugoslavia, are evidently sitting this one out. They haven't even bothered to send a get-well-soon message.

● A former officer in Cuba, in contact with Cuban counter-revolutionists, has predicted that the blockade will precipitate "popular uprisings in all six provinces of Cuba." Colonel Andres Chaumont, who once held Fidel Castro prisoner, is certain "there will be serious uprisings in two provinces, for these rebellions were already scheduled."

● Less than 48 hours after President Kennedy's speech on the Cuban crisis, a bold half-page ad appeared in *El Mundo* of Caracas urging all Venezuelans to support the United States in its anti-Castro blockade. It was placed by the Anti-Communist Feminine Movement of Venezuela, a group of young, bright and energetic women who have done much in recent months to swing opinion in Venezuela against the pro-Castro and Marxist agitators who hope to overthrow the government of President Betancourt. These women will, for instance, take out a full page ad and list, day by day, for a given month, the murders, assaults, raids, bombings and attacks carried out by Venezuela's Communists. They have organized a boycott by advertisers of *El Nacional* strict enough to force that anti-American, pro-Communist journal to cut back substantially the number of pages it publishes and to tone down its strident leftism. Not content with that, just recently they published a masterful exposé of *El Nacional* to show through comparisons with two leading Caracas newspapers how it distorts news: *i.e.*, the other two papers will report, accurately, that "Communist guerrillas" attacked an unarmed town; *El Nacional* will identify the attackers only as "bandits." This movement in Venezuela, with its thorough understanding of the Communist danger, is only one of a number in Latin America that have developed since Fidel Castro came down from the hills.

● Faced with aggressive Communist provocation in India and Cuba, the UN General Assembly overwhelmingly voted to apply stiff sanctions—against South Africa. The most economically advanced country in Africa faces multitudinous harassments because of her internal racial policies. Members of the UN are called on to close their ports to South African ships, boycott all South African goods, and refuse landing facilities to South African aircraft. Sixteen Western countries, including the United States, voted against this direct violation of the Charter's prohibition on intervention into the domestic affairs of member nations. But such depositories of the Conscience of Mankind as Gabon, Yemen, Mali, Algeria and Somalia joined in a 67-vote Afro-Asian-Communist majority to pass the resolution with many a whoop and holler.

● Mr. Arthur Sylvester, Under Secretary of Defense, has informed us (see Cato, p. 382) that "news is part of weaponry," which is true enough; and that the Government of the United States, recognizing this,

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intends to ration out the news with paramilitary intent. If we may judge from past experience, the commanding officers will direct their fire with considerably more frequency and enthusiasm against their domestic opponents than against the nation's external enemies. The only proper response for a free people is to show our political bosses just how weaponly the news can be.

● On August 25, in San Francisco, a convention of American homosexuals met to lay plans for a sustained assault on the internal security laws, especially as they relate to the treatment of homosexuals as presumptive security risks. One of the convention's leaders was an Army GS-12 who had been cashiered last year. The chief argument asserts that homosexuals are no more a security risk than boulevardiers. True, there's more than one way to smirch your name in the public view and queer your chance for finding another job. But the argument ignores two commanding points: 1) the social sanction against homosexuality greatly outweighs that against philandering, and so exposure as a homosexual is more to be feared; 2) the government, to protect itself, must remain the judge of the risk it assumes in trusting its secrets with employees, and no person, normal or abnormal, has an unalienable right to government employment in sensitive posts.

● The problems involved in trading with the enemy are well illustrated by the Canadian dilemma over the Chinese invasion of India. Canada is assisting India, her fellow Commonwealth member, with arms; she is also delivering huge tonnages of wheat to China on credit. Since the government judges it must continue these grain sales to keep the Prairie vote, it has made itself the prisoner of an immoral and self-defeating policy.

● The subcommittee of the Armed Services Committee of the Senate which investigated muzzling of the military has presented a report that admits muzzling, but dismisses it as "ineptness, inconsistency, and caprice." But Senator Strom Thurmond contributes a dissenting report, blasting the no-win crowd in the State Department, and its effect on the military. He accuses the State Department of "a concerted effort" to keep the facts on the Cold War from the people and to prevent a "full and free discussion of the issues which the Nation faces." He concludes that "this effort springs from the insecurity and ignorance which surround the State Department's arguments on the nature of the Communist threat." Senator Thurmond's dissent runs to 156 brilliantly documented pages; the subcommittee's report offers 35 pages of largely unsupported generalities.

● The failure of the New Frontier to stiffen America's muscles was dramatically illustrated by the humiliating squopping given to Harvard in a contest with Oxford. The supposedly effete English squidged Harvard overwhelmingly, thereby winning the World Intercollegiate Tiddlywinks Championship. The New Frontiersman's tendency to rationalize came out when Harvard shrugged off the defeat by observing that "Ivy League rules prohibit spring training."

From the Election Griddle

We write before the returns are all in, but there is no reason to believe that there will be any startling shift in the final tallies. This off-year election has gone, by and large, like an off-year election: without, that is, any great new national trend, without any clear-cut policy mandate on a national scale. This is the usual rule, broken only when an overwhelming issue is plainly presented; and this year there has been none such, or at any rate none recognized by the electorate to be so. Business is not too good, but then not too bad either, all things considered, in terms of the personal life of the average citizen. The men in the White House aim pretty far toward statism; but their most extreme moves have been blocked. Cuba was very alarming, but the President did act, even if rather late in the game and not as adequately as he might have; and the opposing party didn't seem to have much better to offer.

So there was no cause, as the voters saw it, for either a sweeping vote of confidence or an overturn; and they gave neither, though they came out in surprising numbers—perhaps because they are feeling more concerned about public problems however unsure of solutions, perhaps because the weather was good and the party machines more active in getting the vote out.

Still, a few elements of possibly more than local significance seem present on preliminary glance.

1. In the congressional elections the Administration party did better than normal for the off-year, when nearly always (1934 was the last exception) the party in the White House falls off sharply from the preceding Presidential election. The Democrats lost a couple of seats in the House, but picked up three or four in the Senate; again the Democrats demonstrate that they have the dominant *party* in the nation. But at the same time it should be noted that:

2. The New Frontier, especially its more leftward segments, did not do as well as the Democratic Party. It is agreed by most commentators that the membership of Congress, taking both Democrats and Republicans into account, has shifted a small but definite amount toward the conservative side. The party showing indicates that a majority of voters is not

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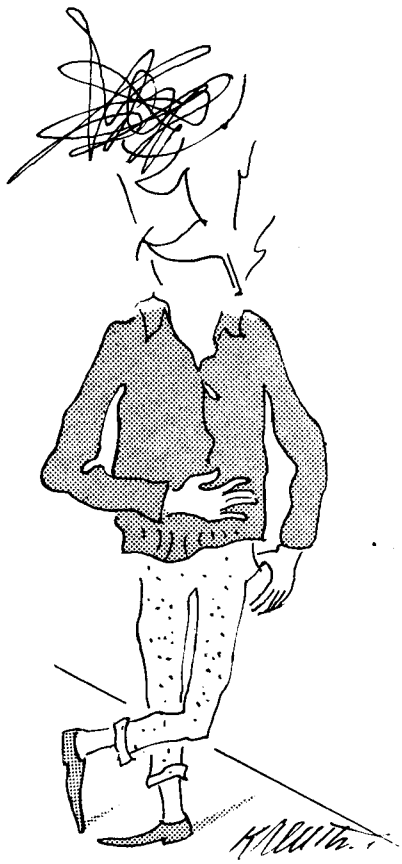
ready to revolt against government by Democrats. But the President, who studies his returns as well as the next man, will not find in this election any push toward the further-out frontier regions.

3. Persons of all political hues, from farthest Left to most distant Right, were both elected and defeated. There does seem to be evidence—though there are exceptions to this—that candidates who were identified in the public mind, whether accurately or not, as "extremists" of either wing were harmed thereby. The "peace candidates," led by Professor H. Stuart Hughes in Massachusetts, made an especially dismal showing, no doubt because the Cuban crisis left them out on a hopelessly withered limb.

4. There were signs of the further development of a trend toward a sort of "personalized politics" that seems to have set in several years ago. This was particularly true in the case of some notable state victories of Republican candidates who carefully differentiated themselves from the national party machine. Scranton in Pennsylvania, Rockefeller in New York, Romney in Michigan are conspicuous examples of individuals who have operated politically by building up dynamic public images without any very clear linkage to issues and party; and Teddy Kennedy, who had no record in party or policy, and ran to spectacular victory on his name and face, is another variant of the same new species.

5. Nelson Rockefeller, who would have walked away with the 1964 Republican nomination on the first ballot if he had carried his majority over the 1958 figure, was cut back into the field. His drop was made relatively steeper by the almost incredible win of his team-mate, Jacob Javits: more than a million plurality, and a majority, unprecedented for a Republican since time immemorial, in New York City. Javits far outdid Rockefeller in the labor and Jewish vote; the Conservative Party influence as well as votes, contrary to its own expectations, hurt Rockefeller more than Javits; and the Rockefeller divorce, though almost unmentioned in public, seems to have counted rather heavily against him.

6. The Republican Party—and this is perhaps the most important result from a national point of view—is at last a real factor in the South. It did not win elections in the deep South (though it did well in the border states). But it could not have done so in the off-year: Southerners don't want to risk losing their control of committee chairmanships in Congress, which depends on returning the old hands. But in state after state where one-party rule has been the tradition of generations—in South Carolina, Alabama, Texas, Arkansas, even Georgia—Republican challengers did so well that no Democratic Presidential candidate can ever again take the South for granted.



"I pledge (but not under oath) a half-hearted allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to any other flag which happens to be flying over it, and to the Mixed Economy for which it stands; one nation under Kennedy, seemingly indivisible in its acceptance of Peace at Any Price and Free Lunch as a way of life, with Liberalism and Justification for all socialist innovations."

Scraps and Sweepings

Following the polls with broom and bucket Dept.: First 22 recorded votes, 12:15 A.M. in Waterville Valley, N.H., all Republican. . . . Michigan woman needed babysitter for trip to polls, got George Romney; no charge for the service reported. . . . Both North Salem, N.Y. candidates for Justice of the Peace pulled 552 votes: there's no justice? . . . Errant owl in Geneva, N.Y. knocked out 34,000 volt transformer, and city's voting, for a time. . . . Methodist Bishop Herbert Welch voted GOP in New York City, aged 99 years, 364 days; he was born the day Lincoln fired McClellan. . . . S. Kenneth Howard elected coroner of Mercer County, N.J. via 11 write-in votes. Howard's wife and incumbent Melvin M. Tumin tied for other coroner post at stake with 10 votes each. . . . Florist Spiros Sakas had flowers for the voters in his N.Y. district, roses for the ladies, carnations for the gentlemen, as he has for quarter-cen-

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For the Record

Ex-Indian Defense Minister Krishna Menon reportedly making feelers to UN Acting Secretary General U Thant on possibility of landing permanent job (tax-free, of course) with United Nations. . . . Veteran Latin American diplomats predict U.S. State Department will in the long run find a Tito-type solution with refurbished Castro as all-around face saver. . . . Effect of Cuba crisis still evoking healthy anti-Castro action in South America: Dominican Republic has just deported nineteen Communist and pro-Castro agitators; two rightist parties in Mexico have redoubled attacks on government's long-time softness toward Fidel. . . . Last week, just short of three years after Castro takeover, Cuban authorities ordered rationing of all foodstuffs —except sugar.

Some art treasures, stolen during series of daring burglaries in past couple of years, reported now hanging in Soviet picture galleries. A French diplomat, complaining to Russian authorities after seeing one of his mother's paintings in a gallery, was told: Sorry, we bought it in good faith. . . . Anti-Gaullists boiling over calculated slip on government-controlled TV and radio. On the eve of October 28 referendum the story was leaked that length of French military service would be cut. . . . On November 5: Saudi Arabia a) (in N.Y.) voted for sanctions against South Africa for its apartheid policy and b) (in Riyadh) announced abolition of slavery. . . . Important in vote against admitting Red China to the UN: eight African states (most of them former French colonies) switched from "abstention" to "no," while Tunisia (now firm member of Casablanca group) and the troikaed Laos moved into "yes" column.

Just out, The Fringe On Top, Political Wildlife Along the New Frontier by National Review contributors M. Stanton Evans, William Shultz, Allan Ryskind. (Conservative Bookshop, 228 Massachusetts Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind. $2.00) . . . . Daring N.Y. book publisher planning to bring out novel in which military does not attempt to seize control of U.S. Government.

tury. . . . One Western candidate nabbed for jaywalking on election day, lost. . . . Republican Charles Foote bought radio time to play pre-blockade no-threat-from-Cuba statements of incumbent Democratic Rep. James Corman, so Corman took his case to FCC to demand equal time (against himself?); Corman won race not case. . . . Governor Pat Brown admitted in campaign his cousin is an official lion hunter in State of California. . . . Nelson Rockefeller, whistling up a bandwagon, ran his victory predictions up to one million vote margin just before election, ran quickly down thereafter. . . . Richard Nixon was put under court order in private suit to state his position on John Birch candidate Edgar Hiestand (but not before November 6). . . . Refrigerated electronic brain used at CBS election HQ got icy reception from chilled workers. . . . Passing comment on win by Liberal Democrat Gaylord Nelson over Senator Wiley in Wisconsin: "Good grief! This means that Bill Proxmire has become the right-wing senator in Wisconsin."

Alive and Kicking

Since its founding, early in 1962, New York's Conservative Party has stirred up an opposition whose main themes have had to do with simple party loyalty ("Stand by the GOP") or with ideology ("They're a bunch of cranks"), and those who didn't go for the Conservative Party could write it off as they chose. Now all that must go. The demonstration has been made: in less than a year, against formidable opposition, operating on a shoestring, peopled by young and unknown men and women, the Conservative Party went from zero to a vote of 130,000 for its gubernatorial candidate, David H. Jaquith. *The Conservative Party is established.*

What is the nature of this new force? Leverage. In itself the Conservative Party—which is a manifestation of the special circumstances in New York state—is not a mass movement, but it is just enough of a good start toward independent existence to make New York politicians take notice. It will be approached for its endorsement of Republican (and Democratic) candidates. If it manages its affairs with prudence, with an eye to the necessary accommodations of a viable politics, it will change the tone and color of New York government. This is not a revolution; the changes will be gradual; the procedure is adaptive, not surgical.

But the leverage is compound. As the Conservative Party induces the New York GOP to include a shot of conservatism in the state-wide political cocktail, so will the New York Republican delegation to the 1964 convention have its effect on that always shifting confrontation, Liberalism *v.* Conservatism.

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It is not too much to say, at this very moment, that the Conservative Party has already had one important result: by helping to chop down Rockefeller's margin, it has placed an obstacle in the path of a Rockefeller running for the Republican nomination in 1964 as an out-and-out Liberal.

Not a small achievement, that, for a handful of unknown young men and women sitting around a table in downtown Manhattan a year ago. Well begun! And now to settle down for the long pull. . . .

And Don't Overlook

In the clouded election ball, there are highlights of special interest to conservatives. For example, . . .

Look at Colorado. Peter Dominick, a straight Goldwater conservative, won a clear decision over an ADA creature (Carroll) in the Senate race.

In Illinois it was a Republican sweep, including the victory of a group of confirmed conservatives—among them the interesting figure of the new sheriff of Cook County (Ogilvie). (Will Chicago go straight?)

Out Kansas way, hardnose conservative Bob Dole won a congressional seat, despite awkward redistricting, against the far-gone Liberal Floyd Breeding.

Kentucky's 3rd Congressional District (Louisville) did itself proud electing Gene Snyder, a Goldwater conservative, over the outspokenly Liberal Frank Burke.

Nebraska made the relevant distinctions: Fred Seaton, running as a middle-of-the-mush Eisenhower Demoliberpublican, lost. Meanwhile in Nebraska three congressional districts elected straight conservatives: Glenn Cunningham, Ralph Beerman, David Martin.

Alabama: Lister Hill, a compulsive Dealer (old, New, Fair), won—but only by a squeak, against terrific fight put up by Republican (Martin).

Two young stalwarts of the Republican conservative forces in the House were returned handsomely: Don Bruce carried Indianapolis by 21,000 votes, John Ashbrook won by 20,000 in Ohio's 17th Congressional District.

Speaking of Ohio, that's pretty good country for conservatives. Senator Lausche was returned easily. Bob Taft Jr. won the At-Large seat against the magical name, Kennedy. Governor Mike DiSalle got his comeuppance, the end of the Liberal road.

Bill Brock, a good conservative, gained a new congressional seat in Tennessee.

Wisconsin returned its reliable conservative congressmen, with thanks: Schadeberg, Laird, Byrnes. In fact, the election results seem to say one thing pretty clearly: If you're trying to get re-elected, it doesn't hurt to show a good conservative record to your constituents.

Good news here, by and large, but not enough to offset the sadness of Walter Judd's defeat, the twisted offspring of the rawest gerrymandering job in the nation. But Judd's defeat is more than a loss for Minnesota; it's a loss for the country.

Of Dollars and Gold

In the week ended October 24 the U.S. gold reserve dropped $50 million. In the next week $40 million more oozed away. Total gold outflow so far this year is $912 million, twice the amount in the same period last year.

A month or so ago the President was telling the world the dollar is as good as gold and inflation has been halted. But the world (and especially the individual people in it) continues to trade dollars for gold, doubtless for many different reasons, one of which must relate to the fear that dollars are losing their purchasing power: as, indeed, they are, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics announcement that the cost-of-living index has taken another jump. For a buck today you can buy what would have cost 94¢ in 1957-1959. Whereas gold . . .

Some of the pressure on U.S. gold arises from

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Russia's absence, this year, as a seller of gold in the capitals of Europe. In recent years Russia has sold about $200 million yearly in the West, much of it going to private individuals. But the underlying and long-term cause of the gold outflow is to be found in the domestic monetary, fiscal and economic policies of the United States, policies of intervention, over-regulation, inflation, sadistic taxation. . . .

And so it was not comforting to note that the chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, Professor Walter Heller, informed an economic council in Paris on November 6, that the U.S. balance of payments is going to get worse before it gets better, that the Administration is even now considering further deficit-prods to the economy, that budget deficits may swell. Beneath it all he was asking the world's bankers please not to put the bite on our gold during the next crisis. But Heller's proposals, as reported in the press, amount to a large dose of precisely the same contra-indicated medicine that has almost killed the patient along with the symptoms.

1) The gold will continue to flow out. 2) The supply being limited, the outflow cannot persist forever. 3) Between now and the point of zero gold reserves the U.S. will come to the Moment of Truth.

Footnotes on Cuba

1. Caribbean Yenan

The protagonists continue their delicate juggling with the "offensive weapons." The American blockade is turned on and off, tightened and loosened; envoys swing back and forth between Havana and New York, Moscow and Havana; U-2s drone beyond the clouds, periscopes poke camera-eyes above the waters; the opposing rhetorics breathe warlike fires, then coexistence honey. The missiles, say the rumors, are being packed up like household goods for the moving vans. But not, the exiles insist, to leave the island: to stand by, rather, in caves and other hideaways whence their threat could be renewed in hours. Who will inspect what? UN, Red Cross, from sea or land? (It is much harder to prove a negative than a positive fact: the absence as against the presence of the missiles.) Will Castro agree to admit inspectors, with full liberty of action, inside Cuba? Where is the line to be drawn to define this or that weapon—missile of such and such range, plane, patrol boat, tank or gun—as in truth "offensive"? And what possible form of inspection could ever prove whether nuclear warheads—not radioactive when disassembled, easily stored in relatively small space—are nowhere concealed?

But let us suppose, contrary as the supposition is to the real possibilities, that by one means or another we do verify that no weapons capable of injuring mainland United States exist in Cuba. What then?

We then confront, precisely, a Caribbean Yenan. When Mao Tse-tung and his comrades established their authority in the Yenan district of northwest China after the Long March in 1934, they had no "offensive weapons" by which to threaten physically and directly the great cities of the rest of the vast country—no planes, no tanks or big guns, virtually no mechanized vehicles. But within that great land-sea, Yenan, possessing difficult but still feasible communications with the Soviet Union, was the energizing beachhead and redoubt of the Chinese revolution. In Yenan the soldiers and leaders of the revolution were trained, the tactics perfected. From Yenan the revolutionary subversion of cities and countryside was fueled, manned and directed. The rule of the Yenan regime was consolidated locally, gradually expanded, then launched on the massive drive that ended with victory in 1949.

If we learn to look for the relevant political and strategic dimensions, we see that Cuba is—is already, missiles or no missiles—the Communists' Yenan in the Americas. If the President weighed threats accurately, he would spend more sleepless nights over this bleak fact than over all the physical weapons in the Cuban arsenal.

2. Extremists, Cuban Style

When the President ordered the fleet into action, the entire nation drew together in full, immediate support. Though the framework was limited, the risk was total, for the risk was of nothing less than all-out nuclear war. By the nature of the case there could be no certainty of the response that Moscow would make when the first Soviet ship was ordered to halt. In the showdown, before that risk, the nation stood firm, united for action.

Firm and united, that is, except for a small but noticeable minority: the fringe of pacifists, left-wing crackpots, collaborators and traitors. Different as are the motivations of this mixed quartet, these four groups stood alike and apart in the showdown of action, before the total risk; the defense of the nation in peril was not their cup of tea.

No trouble at that time from those right-wing extremists of whom we have heard so much this year just past; not even from the right-wing crackpots. They took their natural place in the ranks, with so little fanfare that no one even noticed them in those tense days. There were extremists who stood conspicuously out then—out because apart—but they were not the extremists of the Right.

Did the President look from his window at the

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slogans of the pickets outside the White House gates in those days? He could have seen sights well worth his meditation.

3. *Remember the Monroe!*

The Committee for the Monroe Doctrine, founded two weeks ago under the leadership of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, has met with an instantaneous response from coast to coast, in reaction against President Kennedy's apparent willingness to trade the Monroe Doctrine for the dismantling of the Cuban missile bases. Within five days of the Committee's initial release, the senatorial and congressional election campaign leaders of the Republican Party, Senator Goldwater and Representative Bob Wilson, had issued a statement, carried the morning of Election Day, calling for a national protest against this "new Bay of Pigs."

A great debate needs to be held in January of next year, if by that time the President has not repealed his own rash pledge to guarantee the inviolability of a Communist regime in Cuba. The Committee will work to persuade congressmen to pledge themselves to bring the matter up when the new Congress opens in January. Already 35 congressmen have joined the Committee as sponsors, as have over one hundred prominent and influential private citizens, including Admiral Radford, General Wedemeyer, Suydam Cutting, William Knowland, Admiral Moreell, Benjamin Gitlow and John Dos Passos. For information on the Committee and its program of action, write to: Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, The Committee for the Monroe Doctrine, Suite 909, 79 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Indian Dilemma

The map clarifies China's strategic intentions. Having consolidated Tibet as a base, she begins to squeeze the border nations—Bhutan, Sikkim and the more important Nepal—in a strategic vise, with the presumptive political aim of turning the three into puppets. Through the same operation, the Chinese take a position on the Indian side of the mountain passes, from which they threaten the entire eastern segment of the sub-continent; and, for good measure, partially outflank southeast Asia, down which the Communist forces are already driving.

For the West and for us, this is a complicated war. On the one hand we must extend military aid to those who use it to resist the aggressions of the only world force that threatens our own security. On the other hand we must not neglect the subtle traps involved in giving direct and unrestricted aid to the Government of India.

IN COMING ISSUES

A LOOK AT THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL
by Evelyn Waugh

ON-THE-SCENE REPORT OF INDIA FIGHTING
by Prakash C. Jain

Although the Chinese guns have finally compelled Nehru to oust Krishna Menon as Defense Minister, this cannot erase the fact that for a decade Menon was Nehru's closest political associate. Even in firing him, Nehru stated that Menon should not be too much blamed, since he was only carrying out the policies that were Nehru's own. Menon, among the most disliked of the world's statesmen, has been incorrigibly neutralist by reputation and devastatingly pro-Communist in impact. He is a principal symbol of a narrow, anti-Western, misanthropic neutralist defeatism. To give aid to India—which, we repeat, we should do—is in some measure to rescue both Menon and Nehru from the consequences of facing up to their mischievous miscalculations—*i.e.*, save them from personally well-deserved military humiliations at the hands of their beloved friends, the Red Chinese.

India's government, moreover, is so thoroughly incompetent that the doubt seriously rises whether it can usefully deploy the arms we give it. Its troops in the border region were miserably armed, badly trained, improvidently deployed, ill-informed. Still, we must help India.

India fights in part (in Ladakh) over severally disputed territory. Kashmir is not only the object of naked aggression by the Chinese Communists. It is claimed with impressive argument by Pakistan; but preponderant Indian power in the region has not only sustained Indian rule but has denied the people of Kashmir a chance to show by a free ballot their true loyalties. It would be a sad return to the Pakistanis for their steadfast friendship if our aid to India now reinforced the dubious Indian claims. Still, we must send aid to India; and it is encouraging to read that our government stipulates that the aid now arriving is to be used solely to fight the Chinese.

It is less so to note that India's best troops are still deployed against Pakistani, not the Chinese, positions, and in Katanga, of all places, where a year ago they contributed to the atrocities perpetrated against the Katangese who, unlike the Goans, resisted the predatory Indians. One would think that before calling on the nation over whose stand against Communism Mr. Nehru and Mr. Menon have

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writhed for fifteen years, the Indian Government would have called its own crack detachments back home from Katanga as soon as the Himalayan fighting started.

But still we must send them aid: because their enemy is our enemy, and in a strategically schematic world, that is what counts—above all. But let us hope our government will prove shrewd enough to wrest what advantages it may, at this moment of Indian duress, so poetically justified by Nehru's invincible opacity. Not an ultimatum perhaps (to desert UN neutralism, to grant Kashmir—while they're at it—a plebiscite, to withdraw the Gurkhas from Katanga): but a little pointed pressure; just a little; just enough.

Ghost of a Ghost

It seems hard to believe, but there are actually men and women in America who do not know about the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion—either because they are too young to have been around when they were widely discussed, or because they are unfamiliar with the literature of anti-Semitism. In one state of the Union that we know of, copies of the Protocols are being widely distributed and, here and there, taken seriously. The Protocols are a fraud, from beginning to end.

Shortly after the turn of the century, it suited the purposes of Czarist groups and others to circulate what were alleged to be secret minutes of the First Zionist Congress, held at Basle in 1897, calling for unity between Jews and Freemasons to undermine Christian civilization and erect a world state. The Protocols enjoyed a wide vogue until a succession of journalists and scholars exposed them as forgeries, based on a satire on Napoleon III published in 1862 by Maurice Joly, called *Dialogues aux enfers entre Machiavel et Montesquieu.* At a famous trial in Switzerland during 1934 the Protocols were formally examined and discredited. The judge of the court closed the case by saying:

> "I hope that one day there will come a time when no one will any longer comprehend how in the year 1935 almost a dozen fully sensible and reasonable men could for fourteen days torment their brains before a court of Berne over the authenticity or the lack of authenticity of these so-called Protocols, these Protocols that, for all the harm they have already caused and may yet cause, are nothing but ridiculous nonsense."

Anyone who wishes to study the Protocols seriously may look at *An Appraisal of the Protocols of Zion,* published in 1942 by a committee of prominent American historians headed by Professors Carlton J. H. Hayes, Allan Nevins and Geroid T. Robinson.

The Protocols of Zion are a Paul Hughes case of the Left. But in an age of genocide and concentration camps and crematoria, they were more than a joke, and even now they should be treated as a very dangerous joke.

Eleanor Roosevelt, R.I.P.

No woman's name has appeared more often in these pages than Eleanor Roosevelt's: and thereby, in our fashion, we have been paying her due tribute lo these many years. She has always deserved better than the sentimental gush that has so often dripped around her, and now accompanies her coffin to its grave. For Eleanor Roosevelt, by both her personal and private careers, proved that she came from the race of titans, a breed never known for softness. She was a doughty champion of the causes she made her own, and a formidable opponent: never was there a more intolerant partisan of universal tolerance. Triumphing over the circumstances of a tragic childhood, and the shadow of a soaring husband, she made herself in her own right the first woman of the nation; then, quite literally, of the world. There was nowhere on earth, from Kamchatka to Tierra del Fuego, from palace to shanty, where her unique, unmistakable figure, throbbing with unbridled energy, was not familiar. If the World Government that was her cherished ideal had come in her time, she surely would have been named its Lady President. To women everywhere, but above all to black and brown women, she became the prime symbol of emancipation, and power; nor was she ever in the least appalled at the debris of the shattered columns she left strewn in her wake. If there are slums in Paradise, she will find them out. And woe unto Saint Peter if he hasn't long ago made sure no trace of segregation remains in the angelic choir.

Notes and Asides

We strongly urge our readers to look at the current issue of *Modern Age* (64 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois, price for a single copy, $1.25) to read two brilliant essays by regular NATIONAL REVIEW contributors, Willmoore Kendall ("What Is Conservatism?") and Gerhart Niemeyer ("Two Socialisms").

The letter from publisher William A. Rusher we mentioned in the last issue is now in the mails. If you have not yet received it, don't worry, it's on the way.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

Arthur Sylvester, the Defense Department's Public Relations Chief, just had to tell someone what he had done during the week of the Cuban crisis. The someone he told was the Washington press corps which is supposed to gaze in awe at all the works and pomps of the New Frontiersmen. But something went wrong. The press, for the most part, ignored the fact that he had been clever and concentrated on the fact that he had confessed to what the journalists considered an outrageous breach of the principles of a free society. The Sylvester story made a lot of headlines and inspired some acerb editorials.

Cato

Briefly, according to Sylvester, during the height of the blockade crisis the Defense Department and the Administration in general manipulated the news coming out of the Caribbean, picking and choosing what the American people should and should not be told. The inference could be drawn from Sylvester's initial statement that some of the news handed out through his office had been, how shall we put it, to some extent "fictionalized." This, during a week when our press was continually pointing out the lies in *Pravda.*

Sylvester has now retracted most of his initial statement, doubtless after an unfriendly interchange with the White House. However, nobody around town seemed ready to believe his retraction.

All during the week of October 22 there was a strong feeling here on the Hill that the whole affair was being produced and directed as a theatrical production would be. One observer, viewing the frenzied comings and goings of top officials—members of Congress being jetted into town with all the fanfare that attends the arrival of a motion picture star—remarked: "I can't believe we are about to do anything significant about Cuba. You just don't do things this way."

When the furor finally began to subside with the President's acceptance of Premier Khrushchev's offer to dismantle the missile bases, many felt political considerations had been put first in staging the drama. That feeling persists.

Out on the hustings a number of congressmen from both parties read this into the Cuban crisis almost immediately. Many were bitter over what they considered needless tocsin-sounding to disquiet the American people, not in the name of liberty or security, but simply to elect a pro-Kennedy Congress.

In the wake of the crisis certain unpleasant ideas are beginning to gain currency.

There is little doubt the President got a rude shock during his political tours. His receptions were rarely warm. He found the people generally disgusted about Cuba. However, that was not the only reason he acted on Cuba. The Joint Chiefs of Staff had been putting all the pressure on the White House they could muster to get action. What they wanted was permission to invade. Instead they got a half-hearted blockade. At this writing they are still pressing for an invasion.

Bitterness is the order of the day at the Pentagon. Not long ago this bitterness was being confined to the lower echelons but it has now permeated almost the entire command apparatus.

Interference in military affairs by youthful Administration aides has reached alarming proportions. In recent weeks a flight of combat aircraft was ordered to the Boca Chica airfield in southern Florida. When the flight approached its destination it tried vainly to contact the tower at Boca Chica for instructions. But Boca Chica had been shut down. The military, of course, knew this. But the orders for the transfer of the aircraft had not come from the military. The whiz kids were playing chess with real hardware as pawns.

This sort of perilous nonsense is not new. Not too long ago certain civilians in the Administration ordered a change in the disposition of naval units then at sea without so much as a word about it to the Chief of Naval Operations. As a result, Administration critics are beginning to discover information sources opening up to them from inside the government.

Public opinion, still slightly mesmerized by the great Cuban drama, and the profile of courage the Administration turned toward it, is not going to miss the significance of the fact that, after a "triumph of American will," the Soviets still have a military base some 90 miles from the United States.

Despite the justifiable chortling over the plight of Prime Minister Nehru, even the most vociferous of Nehru's critics today approve maximum U.S. aid for India in its war with Red China. Everyone here seems to be in agreement on two counts: that the stakes in India are extremely high, and that the Red Chinese made a major error when they marched against India.

But that mistake could be rectified if our own government fails to back India to the hilt. However, the feeling is that help could be made conditional on certain shifts in Indian policy. The Administration, for instance, is now being pressed to force Nehru to agree to a plebiscite in Kashmir, long a bone of contention between India and Pakistan. Pakistan, it is being argued, must help India if the Communists are to be halted without American troops being brought in. But Pakistan is hardly likely to go to India's aid when Indian troops are still quartered in territory she considers her own. With severe winter weather in the Himalayas almost certain to cut supply lines to the Red Chinese and slow or halt the fighting until spring, observers here are hoping that the United States Government will use the hiatus to strengthen India against Red China, but also to try to jolt India out of her destructive neutralist policies of recent years.

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God Is a Brazilian

. . . Brazilians are convinced that He is. Heaven knows, given the way they vote and are governed, someone up there must be looking after them

KENNETH SNOW

Rio de Janeiro

Now then, in discussing Brazil, before I rake her for infidelity to responsibility, let me gently kiss her hand. (A scolding is more palatable, and credible, if preceded by a compliment.)

I like so many things about Brazil. The hybridization of the Portuguese with Amerindian and a touch of Negro created a warm person, moderate, patient, and handsome. I see very few distended shapes on the Copacabana. Brazilians don't seem to be as violent as the Spanish—by this time other Latin nations would have had uncontrollable riots leading to revolution because of the constant chaotic condition of government here.

Brazilian children are the world's most kissed! The manly embrace, or *abrazo,* is a genuinely warmhearted gesture. Making love is an important item in a Brazilian's life. (How unfortunate that it is not exportable to help the balance of trade, because there is a lot of it.) In this underpopulated country evolution seems to have given them a sense of urgency to procreate, and it doesn't matter with whom or how many. Over half the population are children under twenty. Brazil's rate of population increase is 3 per cent a year, one of the highest in the world; by the end of this year, according to the Brazilian Institute of Geography and Statistics, the population should reach 75.3 million.

It has been election time here. On October 7, close to 19 million citizens went to the polls to elect ten state governors, two-thirds of the Senate, all members of the Chamber of Deputies, and a host of other state and local officials. The results are not yet complete. The president of the electoral tribunal in the state of Guanabara linked slow counting of votes to human kindness: "Slowness of vote-counting benefits the defeated candidates," he pointed out in an official statement. "Their disillusionment will be postponed a little."

The Communists and the extreme Left did less well than expected in their usual strongholds, the poverty-stricken Northeast and the state of Rio Grande do Sul, but well enough to be frightening. Oddly enough, they did relatively well in the bailiwick of Governor Carlos Lacerda, Brazil's outstanding anti-Communist. Miguel Arraes, whose Communist support in Recife offset his lack of strength in the rest of the northeastern state of Pernambuco, managed to squeak

Goulart

through in his race for the governorship. But much of the Northeast, counter to prediction, tended toward the more conservative candidates.

Adhemar de Barros will be governor in the key state of São Paulo. Adhemar is often complimented by his friends who say, "He steals . . . but he builds." During the campaign he strongly attacked current Brazilian foreign policy, charging that it had lost the country "old and traditional friends" and that a tougher stand on Castro was imperative. Janio Quadros, the erratic former President, lost to Adhemar by close to 100,000 votes, and if he fulfills a campaign pledge, will shortly be off to Cuba to take up bricklaying. The present governor of São Paulo, Carvalho Pinto, saw his personal candidate finish a dismal third.

Political Strategy

It is generally accepted, however, that the biggest winner in the Brazilian elections was a man who wasn't even running, the former President, Juscelino Kubitschek. It is to him that Adhemar de Barros owes the governorship of São Paulo, for without this former President's prestige and influence behind him, Adhemar would have lost to Quadros. With Pinto's candidate soundly defeated, Quadros on his way to Cuba, and Adhemar deeply indebted to him, Kubitschek seems to have eliminated all his potential opposition in the 1965 Presidential elections. His political strategy was well-timed and well-executed, and the cleverness of it hasn't gone unsavoured by him.

When I interviewed Kubitschek all his retainers were wearing big smiles. I asked him to comment on reports that he was the big winner and had eliminated all potential opposition for 1965. He really enjoyed this, threw his head back and held up three fingers: "I knocked them out," he said (Janio, Carvalho Pinto and Adhemar).

I enquired as to some of his current views, particularly the issue of foreign capital in Brazil. "Under my previous administration," he said, "foreign capital used to come into Brazil at the rate of $500 million a year—this really helped the country. This year less than $10 million has come in." Pointing to the recently passed law which restricts profit remittances of foreign businesses to 10 per cent of registered capital, Kubitschek said, "The bill must be changed." I asked

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how he would change it. "The alteration of the bill is a technical matter that must be worked out."

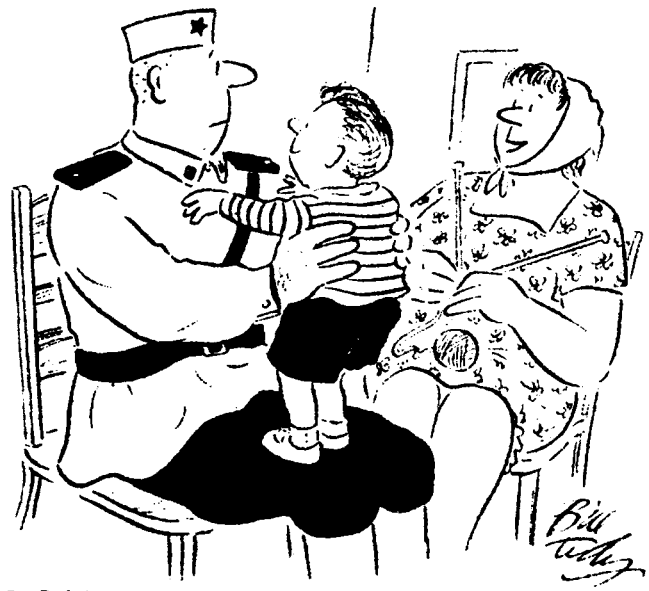
What did the former President have to say to charges that his pell-mell construction of the capital of Brasilia started the current devastating spiral of inflation that racks the country (the cost of living in the last year has gone up 70 per cent)? He replied, "During my Presidency 26 billion cruzeiros were printed each year, 132 billion over the five year period. During Quadros' short stay in office of seven months 117 billion were printed."

Under Kubitschek's previous administration there were two main targets: industrial development and the construction of Brasilia. I asked him what the next set of objectives was going to be. He ticked off three: development of agriculture, increased emphasis on education, and industrialization of the Northeast. "But the overriding thing for Brazil," he claimed, "is that she cannot stop her development. Every year there are 2,400,000 people born, with 600,000 entering the labor force. If we are to avoid a serious social crisis we must continually provide more and more jobs."

Man of the Future

Kubitschek is the man of the future in Brazil. There is no opposition to him, even on the remote horizon. His "development by inflation" theories are unchanged. How can anyone say that these theories will not work—least of all, the Brazilians? Aside from the charge that his projects precipitated inflation, no one here speaks ill of him. He listens sympathetically to student groups, allies himself with all things cultural, and stays just the right distance in the political background to ride out the five-year waiting period before he can legally run for the Presidency again.

In addition to the man of the future, I was also interested in the men of the present, and this, for one, meant Hermes Lima, the current Prime Minister. Hermes Lima belongs to the PTB, the same party as that of the left-wing and demagogic Leonel Brizola. He is the Minister of Foreign Affairs as well as Prime Minister. He, like so many other members



Ben Roth Agency — Punch

"I'm happy to announce the inauguration of our second Nine-Month Plan . . . "

of his labor party, has an absolute fixation on the "spoliation" of Brazil by the United States and other countries. "Spoliation" appears to mean the remitting of excessively high profits, but when asked to be specific about these unjustifiable profiteers, naming a few examples of spoliation with details, the Prime Minister was stumped, although he assured me, "they certainly exist." He referred me to a book on the subject. Further dialogue on the topic went like this:

Premier: "You can be sure that the profit remittances bill will be corrected if it is against the interests of Brazil. I notice that American companies were greatly upset with the 10 per cent remittance figure. You say they earn an average of 3½ per cent per annum; then why were they so upset?"

Snow: "They are not upset by the 10 per cent limitation; they are disturbed that reinvested earnings would not be considered new capital."

Premier's Secretary: "American companies earn actually 10 per cent plus 10 per cent more, when they reinvest the first 10 per cent, yielding a total of 20 per cent profit."

Snow (confused): "You mean, 10 per cent plus 1 per cent, yielding 11 per cent?"

Premier's Secretary: "No, no, no. *Twenty* per cent, and actually much more, because I, as a lawyer, have tried to try tax evasion cases but get no cooperation from the officials at the Bank of Brazil because they are in league with American firms." Sensing that this area of investigation was threatening to get out of hand, I steered the conversation back to another pertinent issue — Cuba. I asked Hermes Lima about reports, advanced by a Brazilian general, that several boats, loaded with small arms and involving a total of many tons, had been seized trying to enter Brazilian northeastern ports. Hermes Lima and his secretary went into lengthy consultation over the reply to this one, and came up triumphantly with "Where's the proof? I do not believe Castro is sending arms to any country in Latin America!"

Faced with this tack, I switched to a subject on which the Brazilians are only too vocal, the Alliance for Progress. The Prime Minister responded in splendid style: "When Kennedy comes here [the visit was subsequently put off] we all expect him to make a pronouncement of drastic change in the Alliance for Progress. He knows that it is not working. We think the proper and appropriate place to announce that change is here in Brazil . . . Now there is too much discussion and nothing practical being accomplished. Much more money is needed."

Snow: "How much more money?"

Premier: "Much, much more."

Snow (pressing hard): "Say, twice as much?"

Premier: "Much, much more than that!"

(Since May 1961, Brazil has received $636.5 million directly from the United States under the Alliance for Progress.)

Leonel Brizola, President Goulart's brother-in-law, is probably the best-known Brazilian politician in the United States after the staunch anti-Communist Carlos Lacerda. It is much in the vein of Brazilian politics,

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therefore, that Brizola should be Lacerda's arch-enemy. Engineer of the expropriation of IT&T's subsidiary in Rio Grande do Sul, where he was governor, Brizola has just had himself elected by the largest vote in Brazilian history as federal deputy—from Lacerda's state of Guanabara. Anticipating the crushing defeat of his machine in Rio Grande do Sul, he came to Guanabara where his election was virtually assured. My interview with him was a careful, guarded one. He started off mildly: "I accuse the United States for all the things which have been happening in Latin America." Then he went into the "spoliation" groove. "We are losing all our money through spoliation. Latin Americans are sending billions to the U.S. How to stop this? Ah, there's the problem. After the war the U.S. gave lower prices for raw materials and increased the prices of their manufactured goods. *This is the cause of inflation, the process of spoliation.* . . Latin American inflation is caused by the violent process of spoliation. . . Why didn't the same thing happen after the war to Australia, which was selling meat, wool and wheat, as was Argentina? Americans protected Australians from spoliation because they were of English descent."

He concluded with the warning: "When Brazil really starts to take care of its interests, relations between the U.S. and Brazil will reach an all-time low." A little further on, he gave an insight into what he meant by saying, "To fight Communism is an admirable precaution, but to fight spoliation is more important." The Cuban question was easily disposed of with the observation that "Guantanamo is the deepest cause of trouble in Cuba."

Brazil, of course, is not all politics—thank God! I was invited the other night to an art exhibit of stepladder drool paintings by a man-wife team; he was a slightly built Jomo Kenyatta from Trinidad, she a freckled redhead from the States who gave me an overlong handshake and a sexy look that needed to be washed. All the paintings had poems written to them. The gathering was filmed for São Paulo television audiences, I shaking hands with Kenyatta beside Harry Stone, whom Brizola refers to as "the Ambassador from Hollywood." Greenwich Village was easily out-beatniked that evening. But then, that's Brazil: a country that has more cattle than people, enough coffee in storage to supply the world for a full year, a real growth rate of 5 per cent a year, inflation equivalent to 70 per cent in the past twelve months—and has had a live hippopotamus elected to public office. As the natives say, "God is a Brazilian."

A Hard-Nosed Soft Shoe

W. H. VON DREELE

During the recent election, Senator Javits used Papert, Koenig, Lois, Inc., for advertising help, while Governor Rockefeller relied on McCann-Marshalk, Inc. In those grand old vaudeville days when Gallagher and Shean rolled them in the aisles, this intelligence would have been worked into tomorrow's show. But it is 1962. One must make do with the talent at hand . . .

O Mr. Javits . . . O Mr. Javits!
  Can you analyze the reasons why
    I win?
Though undoubtedly, my charm
Hasn't done me any harm,
  My successes have a *deeper* origin.

O Rocky boy . . . I get the ploy!
Here's the reason for the winning you
    enjoy:
  Your pluralities arise
  'Cause it pays to advertise!
Are you certain, Mr. Javits?
  Absolutely, Rocky boy.

O Mr. Javits . . . O Mr. Javits!
  As a member of the New York GOP,
When Novembers roll around,
Your campaigns are off the ground;
  Please communicate *your* winning
    recipe.

O Rocky boy . . . You're being coy?
I assume you're a sophisticated goy?
  Voters smother me with praise
  Because advertising pays!
Are you certain, Mr. Javits?
  Would I kid you, Rocky boy?

O Mr. Javits . . . O Mr. Javits!
  A disturbing thought has just
    occurred to me;
Though our agencies were great,
To New York's elector-ate
  We appeared like Tweedledum and
    Tweedledee.

O Rocky boy . . . The folks in Troy
Loved the jazz the kids on Madison
    employ!
  And remember: every blintz
  Made the opposition wince!
You're convincing, Mr. Javits.
  I'm in politics, my boy.

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The Third World War

Intelligence on Cuba

JAMES BURNHAM

The Administration has been candid enough to tell us that it regards news as "a part of weaponry." During the past fortnight its firepower has been directed against the uneasy public feeling that the President was a Johnny-come-lately in recognizing an "offensive threat" from Cuba.

The record is certainly embarrassing. The President did not speak publicly until October 22. According to his own statements (though we must always keep in mind that news is a weapon), he knew nothing until early on Oct. 16, and had to wait another three or four days for reconfirmation.

But several weeks before that, Senator Keating had publicly reported the missile buildup. Mr. Nixon had mentioned it in September. While Administration spokesmen were busily pooh-poohing, Senator Keating and others had disclosed the arrival of the thousands of Russian technicians. Since early August, fairly accurate information about missiles, planes and technicians had been presented by Cuban exile leaders. In more general terms, the approach of a military threat from Cuba had been demonstrated long before. On August 9, 1961, for example, a panel of retired general officers—among them, Admirals Radford and Stump, Generals Almond and Wedemeyer—had issued a prescient estimate. NATIONAL REVIEW has itself, from time to time, beginning when Fidel Castro was only a gleam in the Sierra Maestre, forecast what was to come in Cuba.

The Administration is thus placed in an uncomfortable dilemma: *Either* its multi-billion dollar intelligence apparatus is inferior to the modest efforts of any number of amateurs, *or* the policy-making officials to whom official intelligence is fed are unable to digest and act on it.

The verbal arsenal of the Administration is doing its best to counteract the disillusioning effect produced by this dilemma as it sinks into the public mind. The President spent a good deal of his October 22 speech justifying his seeming lethargy. The Pentagon has distributed to all commands a question-and-answer pamphlet on Cuba, half of which deals with the time lag. Intimate off-the-record klatches yield a harvest of inspired stories, editorials and columns. On November 2, the volunteer Court Apologist, Joseph Alsop, gave out the approved version of the moment. (This sort of thing always sounds so particularly silly coming from Joe Alsop, who clearly knows better.)

Apologia Pro Culpam Suam

The emergent apology runs more or less as follows:

a) For "hard" intelligence, the Administration relied mostly on U-2 overflights, limited to a two-per-month rate until September, then stepped up to four-a-month.

b) The type and scale of *intelligence operations—i.e.*, operations supposed to produce the facts—were constantly subject to policy considerations: how cozy we were with Khrushchev at the moment; the rumble over China's shooting down a U-2; the supposed feelings of various governments and the UN.

c) The *interpretation* ("evaluation") of intelligence data was in terms of unrealistic assumptions about Soviet conduct, including a fixed belief that Khrushchev would never, never send missiles to Cuba.

d) Counteraction has all along been subordinated to ideas about the UN, the "peaceful image," Khrushchev's Liberalism, etc.

These and other revelations made in the course of the current attempt to defend the Administration's timing in the Cuban affair prove that our entire intelligence complex is off base.

1) In a period like ours—of continuous international conflict and instability—the factual side of intelligence, if it is to be sound and timely, must be kept independent of changing political moves and moods.

2) In a case like Cuba, it is fantastic—though perhaps natural in a mechanized, TV-dinner culture—to think that only a fancy, electronized gadget like a U-2 gives reliable intelligence. If we don't have—in Cuba, of all places—scores of active agents on the spot, able to observe with their own eyes and ears and to communicate their findings, then our intelligence-gathering agencies are hopeless. If we don't have analysts able to collate, sift and evaluate the data supplied, then we ought to fire every desk officer in CIA, OIR and G-2.

3) It isn't enough for intelligence to confirm events after the fact: to prove with certainty that missiles able to hit the U. S. heartland are *already* set up in Cuba—or Guiana, Algeria or wherever. Useful intelligence must anticipate, must predict, with unreasonable accuracy; and then policy must act beforehand to meet, not certainties—which are unattainable—but probabilities. In the case of Cuba, many persons did in fact predict accurately. But U. S. intelligence—at any rate as filtered through the policy echelons—did not, at any time.

That Nasty Communist Lied

4) To see what a country is up to even in the military field, you cannot concentrate narrowly on military and merely physical data, but must relate these to historical, political and economic facts that U-2s and computers can't handle.

5) Raw intelligence data mean nothing apart from the system of ideas within which they are interpreted. The Cuban episode is one more demonstration that the basic ideas that guide our official understanding of what is going on in the world are drastically out of line with reality.

6) A prime symptom of the intelligence collapse on Cuba is the key (and continuing) assumption of the whole episode: that "the threat" from Cuba is a function only of the presence of "offensive weapons" (whatever they are), and therefore the only imperative reply is elimination of these weapons. The decisive threat, in reality, is the presence within the U.S. strategic frontier of a substantial base for revolutionary political warfare—a Yenan, in other words.

7) And what are we to think of a statesman who, in the 59th year of the Communist enterprise, is shocked when a Communist lies to him?

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Hopes and Fears of Europe: Fall 1962

As it is now evolving, the Common Market depends on a Franco-German friendship which must survive its architects: Adenauer and de Gaulle. Can it?

THOMAS MOLNAR

From Stockholm to Lisbon, one main idea is in the minds of responsible people: the Common Market, together with its expected political by-products. But this problem necessarily brings also into focus the relationship between Europe and the United States, and between the West and the Soviet Union.

The one overwhelming impression I gained from months of European travel is of a growing, continent-wide self-assurance about the present benefits and future potential of the Common Market. Nobody is foolish enough to believe that this will be achieved without tremendous difficulties; but for the first time since 1945, continental Europe begins to consider itself senior to Britain and an equal partner to the United States. Europeans believe that the British, after attempting to torpedo the economic union, are now trying to divide and rule it, but they feel confident that in the end, London will have no choice but to join on European terms. For the first time Left and Right agree on a single objective: the Left expects of the Common Market a continent-wide economic prosperity, and the Right has transferred its nationalism from local to continental loyalty. Neither wants to jeopardize this convergence of outlook.

Nearly everyone agrees up to this point, but differences arise thereafter. The combined industrial might of Europe makes this continent equal to America, and far superior to Khrushchev's Utopia. But if this economic strength is to materialize fully, Europe still needs America's military protection (including the nuclear umbrella)—although no longer as a junior partner. Many economists argue, therefore, that Europe must

avoid the tremendous expenditure that the development of purely European nuclear force would represent: others, however, insist that coordinated action and political unity depend precisely on the building of an independent European defense, regardless of the price.

Confidence Undermined

At the core of the debate is the problem of Western unity and the relationship between "Anglo-Saxons" and "continentals." The weakness of American leadership has shaken confidence in the American will to resist the Soviet advance. This anxiety, coupled with the traditional mistrust of British intentions, creates serious doubts about Anglo-Saxon policies toward both Western defense and the Common Market. There is a great fear that British entry into the Market may explode the still-fragile structure, yet few are willing to antagonize the British and the Americans behind them.

Germany's leaders still feel keenly the delicacy of their position within the Western alliance. They try to avoid antagonizing the French, the chief architects of European unity, and also the Americans, who protect them militarily. Officially, Bonn does not complain about the state of affairs in NATO and American guarantees over Berlin; but underneath there are grave worries about de Gaulle's intransigence toward the Anglo-Saxons and about the hesitations of American nuclear policy, talks of disengagement, and Dean Rusk's strange proposals concerning "neutral" beachheads in Berlin.

By and large, this is also the general European dilemma: *with* the Anglo-Americans the idea of Western unity and defense becomes ambiguous; *without* them, impossible. In fact, what the Germans are embarrassed to say openly, many Frenchmen, Italians, even Swiss voice with undisguised frankness. They stress that the United States must not consider Europe "marginal," a bargaining point like Laos and New Guinea. Their argument is this: the United States must agree that the defense of Europe is as vital as that of the American homeland, and make unequivocally clear that American nuclear retaliation will follow any major Soviet attack—even if non-nuclear; either that or the United States should leave Europe to its own devices and stop opposing the development of a European (French) nuclear striking force.

At any rate, Europeans believe that the main role of land armies in case of Soviet attack is to hold until the moment of nuclear counter-offensive. What seems unacceptable to European military leaders is the American proposal to forego nuclear weap-

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ons if the Russians do not use them first. Europeans reason that *only* American nuclear might keeps the Soviets at bay; renunciation would clear the way for the Russian armies as far as the Atlantic Ocean. Then liberation of the Continent, if it ever came, would only be through nuclear destruction anyway.

It must be admitted, however, that the Continent's political and military leaders have no clear view at this point about the decision-making power over Western use of nuclear weapons. With the exception of de Gaulle, Europeans really do not want responsibility for a complete nuclear arsenal, or rather, they realize that this presupposes some sort of unified political authority. Until this comes into existence, the European military grumblingly submit to the fact that the American President will have to decide about pushing the button. But will he push it in defense of Europe—of Berlin, for example?

De Gaulle's decisive act was to break through this dilemma. In this era of smart but uncommitted managerial politicians hiding behind the smokescreen of public relations, de Gaulle wins unique prestige as a brilliant, fearless and hard man. These are admired virtues even in the present liquefied environment; they make of the French President an object of hate and love in his own country, but a prestigious champion of Europe in the rest of the Continent, since he says aloud what others hardly dare think. Thus de Gaulle has become leader of Europe—by default. This is natural. As more nations—Belgians, Portuguese, now the Dutch—realize that America's foreign policy objective is an impossible Utopia, that it sacrifices friends and allies in order to please erratic and impertinent potentates, "Gaullism" conceivably might seduce even the most responsible European leaders.

Dignity Restored

Indeed, it seems probable that "Gaullism" will make headway in the near future. It fills a gap, it reassures the worried, it restores European dignity. Since 1945, Europe has lived through an "American" era which is now coming to an end as—to cite an eloquent example—people regain confidence in their own currency. What characterized this era was the American military guarantee, most dramatically shown by the Berlin airlift, a courageous and spectacular deed not yet forgotten by Europeans. Suez and Budapest gave this feeling of security a jolt from which it has never recovered. However, the awakening affected people in different ways.

The typical attitude of the Right stems from its nationalistic tradition. Rightists believe that it cannot be true that the United States will continue yielding to Soviet pressure; that never in history has the greatest power so recklessly abandoned its interests and its allies for a mirage of "world cooperation"; that Americans will wake up from this bad dream. In Rightist circles, I was repeatedly asked, "When will Washington shake off the present lethargy? When will President Kennedy turn to better advisors?" The Left and Left-Center ask no such questions, but, as always, draw the practical consequences of a situation which allows them maximum freedom of action: the "opening to the Left." The best example is Italy. It is no coincidence that the *apertura a sinistra,* a Damocles sword since the death of de Gasperi, has fallen at a time when coexistence with Communism has become fashionable. The Christian Democrats (and the Vatican) do not want to be outdistanced by world events, and Premier Fanfani as part of his deal with fellow-traveling Socialist Pietro Nenni has decided to push through parliament two measures with far-reaching consequences: nationalization of electricity (already well underway) and the creation of several new autonomous regions—a move that will give the locally dominant Communists increased power in industrial and border areas.

In the 1948 election, the American Ambassador and the Vatican concurrently fought the Communist bid for power. Today, influential Italian circles discuss the advantages of neutrality on the Yugoslav model, and what they call the "Italian road to socialism." As a Rightist deputy told me, this could not have happened without a green light from Washington, and yet openly pro-American politicians are rated rather low. The Vatican has obviously blessed the left turn of the Christian Democrats. The lower clergy is filled with admiration for "the Polish example"—that is, coexistence with a Communist regime.

Uneasy Prosperity

Yet many Italians, Germans, and, of course, Frenchmen, are greatly disturbed by the loss of Algeria, which brought home to them the fact that from Finland to Morocco, Europe can be sealed off by hostile forces. Let us be candid about it: in general, Europeans are not exaggeratedly worried about the political loss of their overseas territories. Germany has had none since 1919, and Italy, having lost hers in 1945, secretly enjoys the slaps that the British and the French are receiving in Africa and Asia. Furthermore, Europe is confident in her economic power and figures that the new nations desperately need her assistance, which the Communist bloc could not supply under any circumstances.

But it is the inexorable strategic retreat of the West that worries people, along with the fact that the United States presides over the retreat. This creates a *malaise* everywhere, a climate of expectations but also of anguish that prosperity cannot completely hide. I felt it most keenly in Berlin, standing at the Wall, with active and lively West Berlin fifty feet behind me.

The world, in spite of what Harvard tells us, turns on power. Europe hopes to become a world power, but she needs more time to integrate her economy and build an army in a spirit both patriotic and European. De Gaulle is the unquestioned catalyst of these plans and aspirations.

Yet two things must be considered: Washington does not want a Gaullist Europe that would be an economic rival and an autonomous nuclear power. De Gaulle knows this well and plays an adroit game. By associating Germany with France in a Europe independent of the United States, he

(Continued on p. 410)

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Second Thoughts on Peter Fechter

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Berlin

It is three months now since the young East Berlin workman Peter Fechter was shot down by the Vopos while trying to escape over the wall and lay in the gutter calling for help until he bled to death. On the opposite side of the concrete barrier from the spot where he died groups and individuals still come with tributes of wreaths and bouquets. Others have even tried to plant flowers there in the caked city earth, and someone has set up a wooden cross. The wreath-draped wall is enough of an attraction to have developed an informal car park close by. Tourists, with the insensitivity of those rootlessly wandering in a foreign country, have pictures snapped with the wreaths as a background. Eighty yards away is Checkpoint Charlie. It is not difficult, and much quicker than at the Friedrichstrasse station, to cross over if one has a foreign passport. All shades of Africans, Turks, Scandinavians, English, filter through the East German controls. Poles, Czechs and the like go right through. Americans, just to rub it in, have to wait the longest.

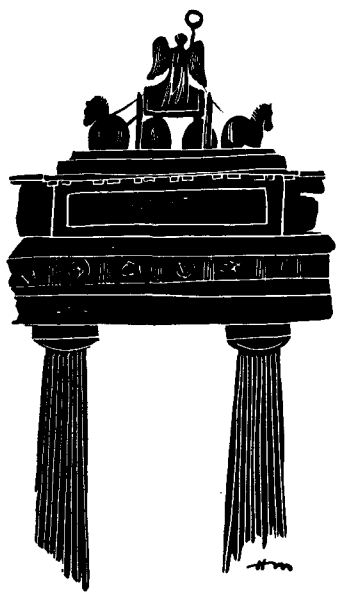
"We were furious that the Americans could let it happen," my friend, the East German medical student, told me as we sat with his sister in the Café Presse. "You could have sent an armored car through and brought him back and the Vopos would never have lifted a gun barrel. Did you think that would have started World War III? Nothing would have happened. If the Russians ever feel the time has come to start a war, they'll start it the way Hitler did in 1939. Otherwise when you face up to them, they back down. Only you don't!"

Why did the Americans let Peter Fechter die that way? It is a question the Germans still ask themselves—and me. "It is not our problem," said the young American lieutenant at Checkpoint Charlie with the sound of the boy's cries in his ears. I could have found out the name of that lieutenant and turned it into something shameful like boycott or quisling. That he scarcely deserved. What he really meant by his callous phrase was that as a junior officer, new to command, he didn't know what to do.

I spent part of an afternoon with a stocky middle-aged Berliner, a veteran of World War I, who in 1953 had fled the East Zone and was now—his factory in sight of Checkpoint Charlie—the third largest manufacturer of women's coats in Berlin.

"For an hour and a half I could hear that boy's screams," he said as we stood in his office window looking down at the American controls. 'Come and get me! Come and get me!' he kept calling out. It seemed a whole day, and everybody clustered round the checkpoint, and nothing happened. Nothing at all. The Americans just let him die. Why?"

"It's the army chain of command," I told him. "Break the chain and you're the goat. You know how it is. It's all right not to make a decision. Make the wrong one and that's the end of you. I expect the lieutenant called his captain, the captain called the colonel, the colonel no doubt called the commanding general. It was too hot for the general. He would have to call the State Department and the State Department would have to call the White House, and the President would have to call his father, and his father would have to call Dr. Gallup. This takes at least a week."



"Who could have done anything then?"

"Practically speaking, three people. The lieutenant could have sent the soldiers at the checkpoint through with rifles and the boy would have been back in five minutes. Or the colonel could have sent in a detachment within fifteen minutes. The general could have done it with tanks in half an hour. But they were all afraid if they did anything they might get court-martialed. And so they might have. A career for a life, if you want to look at it that way. General Clay would have brought the boy in. The next time anyone gets shot on the wall, though, we're prepared. Two ambulances on the alert near the checkpoint!"

"And if the Vopos won't let them through?" said my German.

The answer came a day or so later. This time two young West Berliners had managed to dig a tunnel under the wall to the basement of a friend on the other side. A married couple had already managed to escape to the West when someone tipped off the Vopos. One of the West Berliners got away as the Vopos burst through the door, but the other was shot in the stomach. Whether he died or not is unknown. A British ambulance started out from Checkpoint Charlie to bring him first aid, but the Vopos refused to open the East Sector barrier. Allied military vehicles supposedly have the right to unhindered entry to all parts of Berlin, but neither the British nor the Americans made any attempt to enforce this right. A half hour after the ambulance had been turned away, a British colonel drove through in a jeep to the street where the shooting took place to see if the East Germans were doing anything for the wounded man. But the Vopos blocked off the jeep a hundred yards from the house.

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Letter from the Continent

The Cuban Crisis Jolts Europe

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Cuban crisis has proved one of the most painful surprises for politically alert Europeans, although it was bound to happen sooner or later.

The reaction of the European anti-Communist to the Bay of Pigs invasion was one of mild dismay, coupled with some irony over the bungling in Washington. (Some *schadenfreude,* a certain gloating, is always connected with the misadventures of powerful and overconfident friends.) Englishmen consoled themselves with the thought that they could not have done worse in the same situation and certain "unreconstructed" Germans remarked that Hitler, in the same position, would surely have engineered an impeccable coup.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

This time West Europeans have the uncomfortable feeling that developments in the Caribbean may involve *them* suddenly in a nuclear war. American worries over Berlin had seemed perfectly natural to the people on the Continent. The thought that war might come to Europe over a European issue and that the United States, in sheer self protection would have to come to their aid, was (and remains) to continentals one of the new, indisputable laws of nature. "We fight and they, naturally, join in, carrying the main military burden while we suffer major destruction."

Astounding Neglect

It is precisely because Europeans believe that America would take a stand in Europe out of self-interest, rather than pure chivalry or a Christian sense of obligation, that they have failed, so far, to realize that America has neglected—criminally neglected—her own backyard. If America's military frontiers consist of far-flung bases in Greece, Turkey, Pakistan, the Ryukyu Islands and Iceland, how could they possibly have allowed the enemy to dig in just a stone's throw from Miami and Palm Beach? This puzzles Europeans particularly as they realize that the bearded neurotic, who is now Lord of Cuba, achieved his sway with the blessing of Washington and of the larger part of the American public. (Even certain Catholic diocesan papers waxed lyrical about him at first.) If ever there has been a live monument to the folly of blind anti-colonialism it is Cuba. If ever there was a sad witness to America's anti-dictatorial fixation, it is Fidel Castro. Whether or not one applauds the overthrow of a given regime should depend on what replaces it. Batista's government was cruel and corrupt but Castro's has caused misery to the people of Cuba and is today a threat to world peace.

Yet these considerations aside, the fact remains that Europe received a real and unexpected shock. Americans have a far livelier realization of the ubiquity of the Soviet threat. Europeans, drunk with their newly-won prosperity, indifferent now to their former colonies, have become more and more provincial. Americans, on the contrary, once eager to establish a huge Island of the Blessed between three Oceans, have been brutally forced by history to spread over the entire globe.

It was with dismay that Europeans woke up to the fact that—visibly-invisibly—there is over the Cuban crisis the disagreeable inscription: *De tua res agitur.* Decisions reached in the White House concerning the quarantine of Cuba can mean death in Hanover, Copenhagen, London, or even Lisbon. The passiveness of America in the days of the Suez and the Hungarian crises is now a little better understood in human terms. Unfortunately these memories cut both ways: while some Europeans may now better understand American isolationism, the memories of 1956 also create a certain lukewarmness toward American interests, if not a desperate desire to "stay out of the mess." It is human nature to avoid unpleasantness, to find valid excuses for shirking obligations. The anti-American demonstrations in the West have to be understood in the light of these very simple and highly natural human trends. The *average* man is neither a sage nor a saint; he is more like a rabbit running for cover and raging against anybody who endangers his physical existence. "Better Red than dead," is the rabbit's philosophy. Yet, if the rabbit philosophy prevails among us, we are lost. There is nothing the Communist hell-hounds smell so distinctly as fear.

Living on the Brink

One aspect of the situation is very hard for Europeans to understand since they themselves have been living for so many years on the brink of an abyss. Life in West Berlin is gay and normal, though the city itself is within range of the enemy's heavy artillery. Europeans argue that missile bases off Florida are no worse than missile bases in the immediate neighborhood of Frankfurt, Hamburg, or Istanbul. So why all the fuss?

The cogent reply to this line of argumentation is one which I am sure few Europeans will accept. Europe is the West, but the New World is the West's achievement, its refuge, its last resort, even its inner sanctum. Without America, Europe, while admittedly the fountainhead of our Western civilization, is only a peninsula of Asia. Western civilization with all its tremendous values depends perhaps even more upon the survival of the Americas than on that of Europe because (as we saw after 1945) it was from America that Europe was revitalized. Therefore, the Soviet missiles in Cuba truly constituted a threat which surpassed all military considerations. Whether Europe would be able to stay out of any conflict over Cuba is an academic question. At present the dream of a united Europe as a third power is still just that—a dream.

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What Ever Became of Bachelors?

A lament for the good old days—pre-Freud, post-Victoria—when a gay young blade was a gay young blade and not a suspected "queer"

FREDERIC NELSON

Every man who lives long enough comes to the day when it occurs to him that, as far as the ideas and assumptions of modern people are concerned, he is no longer "with it." The word came to me a while back by way of the New York reviews of a play called *Big Fish, Little Fish,* which had to do with a set of unmarried men accustomed to meet and bicker in the apartment of one of them. Give or take a crotchet either way, these fellows were reasonable facsimiles of the group I called my friends before I married. In plain, they were bachelors.

According to the reviews of *Big Fish, Little Fish,* these men were not merely single, they were "sick." The play, according to one comment, "touched on the tortured world of the homosexual." One reviewer summed up the situation by declaring that "this is a big season for homosexuals"; another described this amusing comedy as "the best study of the homosexual yet to reach the theater." I may be too old-fashioned to "dig" the intentions of the writer of the piece, but in my book these fellows—barring an unclear reference to the eccentricity of one of them—were simply bachelors.

Yes, the details of private life are now supposed to be made clear to all. A young man wears not so much his heart as his Kinsey rating on his sleeve. To pass puberty and still insist on walking down the street without pushing a perambulator or holding hands with an obviously possessive girl is certain to be regarded as "queer." A couple of decades back a young man who spent too much time with girls, instead of putting in his evenings playing poker or just "horsing around," would have had the explaining to do.

Formerly bachelors were represented as attractive men, sought after rather than despised by girls; beloved by their nephews and their nieces; favored by story writers as acceptable literary rather than clinical material. Richard Harding Davis' Van Bibber, always ready to pull a friend, or a poor little match girl, out of a troublesome mess, was what sophisticated young men strove to imitate. To be sure there was a never-really-described "She" (obviously no sex-pot) whom Van Bibber saw now and then in her box at Sheepshead Bay or at the Opera. But the Van Bibber we would-be blades envied spent more time making wagers at The Club or ordering at Delmonico's dinners "hardly formal enough to require a private room and yet too important to allow of his running the risk of keeping his guests standing in the hall waiting for a vacant table." Davis reports that women smiled on Van Bibber but "the men were suspicious and shy of him until they saw that he was quite as shy of the women, and then they made him their confidant."

Certainly that great bachelor among criminologists, Sherlock Holmes, would no more apologize for his unmarried state than does his bachelor successor, Dick Tracy. Holmes addressed his medical friend unblushingly as "my dear Watson" and felt no suspicion that he might be pilloried as a "deviate" any more than did his host of fascinated readers. An effort by modern research to recreate a Sherlock Holmes more in keeping with today's sex mores by cooking up an "affair" between Holmes and Mrs. Hudson, his housekeeper, may yet tempt television beyond its strength. Failing something of the sort, Holmes seems destined to continue mystifying people along with other currently incomprehensible characters, like Uncle Remus, Phil the Fiddler, the Horatio Alger hero who expected as a matter of course to Start From The Bottom; and of course, P. G. Wodehouse's Bertie Wooster and his man Jeeves.

Song of Self-Rebuke

Although bachelors have long been viewed with some misgiving by their married contemporaries, they were usually assumed to be bachelors from choice and not from sickness. The penalties assessed against them smacked more of rebuke than of therapy. The Spartans forbade bachelors to witness games played by maidens and, during the winter, "they were compelled to march naked around the market place singing a song against themselves and expressing the justice of their punishment." Today the tax laws of many countries, including this one, discriminate against them, perhaps because it is assumed that a bachelor is "having it too good." According to George Ade, if a beautiful lady ever strayed into a bachelor flat, "unless accompanied by a private detective or a chaperone, her reputation wouldn't be worth a rusty

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nickel." That's the kind of a reputation to have. Never too old to be wicked! One could hardly expect the Committee on Ways and Means to make temptation deductible.

As a rule, though, people liked bachelors, and married men were supposed to envy them. Pity came later. The bachelor uncle who took his sister's little boys to the Winter Garden or the Zoo was a popularly beneficent figure. All sorts of women tried to marry such fellows, not suspecting that they might be "sex deviates"; but the bachelor went unscathed. "The word 'lucky' is often applied to single men by the associated poker players who are happily married." (Ade)

"Lucky" was indeed the word for bachelors way back there before World War I. Sitting in the late May sun on the steps of a Harvard Yard dormitory, I seem to see a group of seniors talking about what they were going to do after graduation. Various plans and ambitions were mentioned: law school, a trip to Europe, maybe some writing. I don't recall that girls —or sex—were mentioned. In those days one didn't "explain" That Sort of Thing. But on one thing the whole group agreed: no marriage, anyway not yet. Since nobody present had ever "gone steady," there were no inconvenient commitments, and in those days parents, even of girls, regarded the ability to support a wife as important. Few of us were so much as "engaged." After all, hadn't President Eliot suggested in his address to freshmen that it would be a good idea to break off any ties with "young women" because such things interfered with college work?

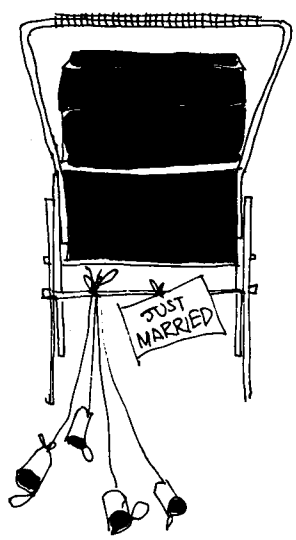
When in a particularly vicious mood, I love to imagine the Grand Old Man of Harvard making those remarks to a present-day freshman class, with prams parked outside and a swarm of co-eds indignantly eager to refute the old man out of Krafft-Ebing. But let them not write Dr. Eliot down as a woman-hater. Wives were very important to him. In discussing the qualifications of a new instructor, he would ask, "Is his wife a civilized person?" Perhaps the right adjective for Dr. Eliot is another obsolescent one, "prudent."

"Oh sure," people say when I give them the routine about the vows of the determined bachelors outside Thayer Hall, "but I'll bet all the tea in China that every one of those guys had a wife within five years."

Of course they had, most of them; but who is talking about five years?

Contemplating the Budget

I observe that Dr. David R. Mace, executive director of the American Association of Marriage Counsellors, is against teen-age marriage which, according to him, results from pressure by parents eager to have their children "advanced," and by commercial interests eager to sell more dining room "suites" and diaper services. Dr. Margaret Mead, the sociologist, is against it as she thinks a lot of potential scientists and scholars go to waste because a married college student has no time for advanced study or contemplation of



anything but the budget. My own opposition is based on the simple idea that a young man ought to have a few years to "establish himself," or just have fun, before taking on the task of making just one woman happy.

Pari passu, as Professor Taussig used to put it, twenty becomes almost too old for a girl to marry and about right for a boy. The single man of thirty who, according to George Ade in the twenties, was on the defensive, is now considered well on the way to mental illness. Or so you might think if you read New York drama critics.

Of course girls are for early marriage as an exercise in status seeking, if for no more profound reasons. But what happened to boys? Some of them probably plunge into marriage more or less the way they joined the Marines—to prove something, or perhaps to disprove Samuel Hoffenstein's canard about "boys who believe in the stork, while the girls are silent discreetly." I am told that some young men live in terror of being suspected of being "queer." In less tense times one got his information on this subject from the "gutter," or from limericks dealing with the curious practices of Levantine potentates, or rumors emitting from certain British universities. But no man of spirit expected to be associated with such bizarre goings-on.

The death of Dorothy Dix may have contributed to the disintegration of the defensive equipment of the young American male. Back in the supposedly devilish twenties, when Miss Dix's column was available—and I refer to the original Dorothy Dix and not the pale posthumous shade peddled by the syndicate after her death—boys could get valuable information on the snares and pitfalls set for them. She warned the unwary youth that many girls "want a husband for a meal ticket. They don't want to punch a timeclock in the morning. They prefer to lie abed and snooze along until noon." The modern girl who marries a boy just out of college and works to put him through medical school might have earned a pat on the back from Dorothy Dix. In the Era of the Unterrified Bachelor, the problem seldom arose.

If, under the then prevailing rigorous conditions, the eager girl missed the boat, so what? "The sting in the Old Maid gibe died the day the first girl got a job in a business office," decreed Miss Dix.

Not even the most relentless "trend" accounts for everybody. There are anachronisms. The *New York Times* obituary columns recently contained the account of the death of a distinguished Biblical scholar who died at 71 after a notable career, including the publication of several books. The last line of the *Times* obituary was: "Dr. ..... was a bachelor." There was no indication in his biography that this student of Holy Writ was unduly preoccupied with the goings-on in Sodom or Gomorrah. Incredible as it may appear to our amateur Freuds, he probably never had a "sick" day in his life.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

License They Mean at Colorado

Out at the University of Colorado, the editor of the student paper, the *Colorado Daily,* has been removed for repeated publication of libels. Specifically, the student paper published frantic defamation of Senator Goldwater and Mr. Eisenhower, in issue after issue—the writings of a senior, one Carl Mitcham. A single specimen of Mr. Mitcham's mode of argument may suffice: "Barry Goldwater is a fool, a mountebank, a murderer, no better than a common criminal."

Kirk

Now Mitcham clearly is a nut of one of the more nasty species. For all that, a faculty committee concerned with disciplining students decided that Mitcham's language was only "injudicious," and could not be "considered a personal attack upon any individual." (By this standard, the anti-Jewish libels of the late Julius Streicher would have been only playful, well-intentioned raillery.)

"Thought Control"

Only with great reluctance did the president of the University, Mr. Quigg Newton, remove the editor—a Mr. Gary Althen—from his post. Mr. Newton, a Democratic politician who has obtained a good berth as a university administrator, actually took advantage of the opportunity to libel Senator Goldwater further. When Mr. Goldwater sent a stern letter of protest to the president, Mr. Newton denounced the Senator at a press conference, and sent him a letter declaring, in part:

"We have a genuine democracy of ideas on our campus. We have fought long and hard to achieve it, and the fight has been against those who—like yourself—believe the function of a university is to indoctrinate, rather than educate; to control thought, rather than to stimulate it. The cry you raise has a very familiar ring to us: 'You must silence those who do not agree with me!' . . . Senator, I shall not silence them."

So to protest against being called a murderer and a common criminal is to advocate "thought control"! Suppose the student paper had thus described Senator Hubert Humphrey, say: would Mr. Newton have treated Senator Humphrey's dislike of being libeled as a passion for "thought control"? Anyway, after all, as public indignation over this privileged intemperance grew—and as the student paper published fresh attacks—President Newton *did* silence the reckless student libelers. So much for a university president's bravado.

This Colorado affair has been paralleled, in recent years, at a number of colleges: a familiar pattern resulting ultimately, in almost every instance, in some such insufferable abuse as the attacks on Senator Goldwater and Mr. Eisenhower—so that the college's administration is compelled, however feebly, to clean house. Ordinarily such a university libel-clique is made up of a fanatic little knot of ideologues filled with hatred of things established, the most humorless Pharisees of Academe. And commonly the train of events is commenced by a few instructors or professors, who gather round them some ignorant and neurotic students, gain control of key faculty committees—especially the committees on student publications and student discipline—and proceed to declare war upon all colleagues and students who are more temperate than themselves.

The trustees of the University of Colorado, and perhaps the Colorado legislature, might do well to look into the circumstances which resulted in this disgraceful episode. For some years, a circle of the sort of intolerant zealots whom Dr. Sidney Hook calls "ritualistic Liberals"—if not of persons still further toward the Left—has made life at Boulder unpleasant for any students or professors who hold less bigoted opinions. Probably the most conspicuous of these libeling devotees of an illiberal "Liberalism" is a certain Ralph Ellsworth, director of libraries at the University. Mr. Ellsworth, an expert on the utilization of library space, earlier this year endeavored to establish himself as an expert on "The American Right Wing," publishing a booklet by that title distributed by a vanity press. Though Mr. Ellsworth subtitled his diatribe "A Report to the Fund for the Republic" (from which foundation he had obtained a grant some years ago), the Fund did not publish this strange work, it being meat too gamy for even that charitable organization.

Irresponsible Assault

Mr. Ellsworth's thesis is that American conservatives are scoundrels who hate Jews and Negroes, and who are engaged in a complex plot to destroy all liberties. He suggests that their head is a Mr. Vern L. Kaub, "dean of the Right Wing." Of course Senator Goldwater, despite his Jewish origins, must be a lieutenant of Dean Kaub. This wild pamphlet, odder than anything published by the vituperative characters of the "radical Right," was reviewed at some length (March 1962) in *Teachers College Record* by Mr. Edward Joseph Shoben, its editor. Mr. Shoben, though himself not a conservative, pointed out that Ellsworth's reckless assault was wretchedly—or not at all—documented; grossly undiscriminating, "strange," "puzzling," and given to guilt by association.

Well! If the guardian of the printed word at Boulder is an ideologue of this stamp, libeling—as Mr. Shoben points out—with "lack of regard for evidence and virtual absence of discrimination," is it any wonder that students like Mitcham and Althen make fools of themselves and bring shame upon their university? Even President Newton, with his cant about "a democracy of ideas" apparently can stomach so much of this indecency, but no more. "License they mean," in Milton's phrase, "when they cry liberty."

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Two Poems

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

Her face the book of—love delights in—praises
Pericles and *Two Gentlemen*

"will you give yourself airs
from that lute of Zukofsky?"

Praises Robert Duncan

"Yes, for I would have my share"

How will his praise sound back to him?
If I let it be
To confirm
One Henry Birnbaum
and
quote
him.

"I ought to thank
Zukofsky,
a wonderful voice,
Zukofsky."

No, my young-old well-wisher,
The second in less than six months,
That makes not you,
"That makes me eclectic"
As tho arm in arm with me
May I say your songs run up to me,
Unstring insensible judges
In their mid-century
With their Stock
Opera House of vocables—
None of us wants to sit in it—
Not I, 55, nor you, say, forward-looking
back to me,
To Father Huc's tree
Of Tartary
On which we are each leaves' Poetry

Where She a breath
Comes out of drudgery
Notes a worked out knee deck her daisies
And apropos of nothing
'There are words that rhyme but
are never used together
You would never use *lute* with *boot*'—
So she has used them.

Or again—
As where cheek touches forehead,
of face
My father's *boot*
by a *lute*
with eight courses—
I have rhymed
it:

To her face. Love delights, the book of praises.

Catullus VIII

Miss her, Catullus? don't be so inept to rail
at what you see perish when perished is the case.
Full, sure once, candid the sunny days glowed, solace,
when you went about it as your girl would have it,
you loved her as no one else shall ever be loved.
Billowed in tumultuous joys and affianced,
why you would but will it and your girl would have it.
Full, sure, very candid the sun's rays glowed solace.
Now she won't love you: you, too, don't be weak, tense, null,
squirming after she runs off to miss her for life.
Said as if you meant it: *obstinate, obdurate.*
Vale! puling girl. I'm Catullus, *obdurate,*
I don't require it and don't beg uninvited:
won't you be doleful when no one, no one! begs you,
scalded, every night. Why do you want to live now?
Now who will be with you? Who'll see that you're lovely?
Whom will you love now and who will say that you're his?
Whom will you kiss? Whose morsel of lips will you bite?
But you, Catullus, your destiny's *obdurate.*

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After the Two-Eyed Men

HUGH KENNER

Each age leaves unfinished business behind it, and the twenties are part of ours. They will haunt us until we have learned how to take them seriously. "Robert Menzies McAlmon, born in Clifton, Kansas, 1896": one thread of the twenties begins there, for McAlmon became the intimate of Williams, Joyce, Pound, Hemingway; the proprietor-impresario of Contact Editions, which published *Spring and All, A Draft of XVI Cantos,* and Hemingway's first book; drinking companion to Wyndham Lewis; cold-eyed observer of the great; author of stories to which Pound and Williams have not ceased to refer their visitors and correspondents; a burnt-out case at thirty-eight; a dead man, finally, in a Southwestern desert village at fifty-nine.

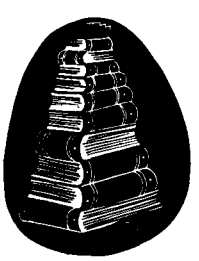
It is a classic story of abject failure, and if the hero of a classic story be required to slide from great heights, McAlmon had occupied them. Having married Winifred Bryher in Greenwich Village (1921) without quite grasping the fact that she was traveling under a pseudonym, he was for six years inadvertently the son-in-law of the heaviest taxpayer in England.

It is readily supposed that he partook of the twenties' aimlessness but not their achievement. But the expatriations of that decade were far from aimless and the achievement has never been consolidated, masked as it has been by that of a slightly earlier generation. It lies still in the Rare Book Rooms, waiting to be dug out and used, and McAlmon's work is part of it.

McAlmon and the Lost Generation, edited with a commentary by Robert E. Knoll. Nebraska, $7.50

What we so far understand to be the major works of the twentieth century—*The Waste Land, Ulysses,* the *Cantos,* Stravinsky's music, Picasso's *oeuvre,* the mixed but Promethean accomplishment of Wyndham Lewis—were created by men some ten years older than McAlmon and Hemingway, men born between 1881 and 1888. The major event in the lifetime of each of these men was the cataclysm ("Europe committing suicide," Lewis called it) which erupted across their lives when they had already gotten their bearings and begun to work in an older tradition. When the war ended the youngest of them, T. S. Eliot, was thirty; the eldest, Picasso, thirty-seven: not too young to have comprehended, before its abolition, a traditional Europe; not too old to enter imaginatively the agony of the postwar years.

Two ages, to be seen with two eyes, provided these men their subject. *The Waste Land* (1921) observes stereoscopically a gone Europe and a new anarchy; its author was thirty-three. But such a subject was fully visible only from their precarious point of balance. Move a little forward in time, or a little backward, and one eye or the other is dimmed. Ford Madox Ford, for example, (b. 1873) was simply too old by 1918 to contemplate the postwar scene with anything but bewilderment; all his subsequent work is retrospective. W. H. Auden, on the other hand (b. 1907), was seven when the earthquake commenced; all that had existed before it came to his developing mind as rumor only.



The two-eyed men, younger than Yeats or Ford, older than McAlmon or Hemingway or Auden, developed in their several arts a common method which has been our chief aesthetic inheritance from the first half of this century. Its way is to interfuse stylistic bravura, signature of the long past, with contemporaneous perceptions which the style can make seem bleak, but which serve for their part to clarify and justify the style. Joyce supplied the model when he began, in 1914, to counterpoint the whole learned tradition of Homeric exegesis, which comprehends, from Socrates to Schliemann, the intellectual history of the West, against the bricks of a modern city and the wiles of a modern advertisement canvasser. In *The Waste Land,* similarly, opulent lines—

> *On the divan are piled (at night her bed)*

govern a mean clutter of luxuries:

> *Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays:*

yet the opulence is sharpened and justified by that clutter. In the *Cantos* the past made new ("Set keel to breakers, forth on the godly sea") lends articulation to the energies and follies of the 1920s, 30s and 60s.

But McAlmon's subject had nothing to do with all this. In Kansas and South Dakota he had been touched by no viable past, only a present compounded of Presbyterianism, jackrabbit drives, potato-picking, flop-houses in Duluth, hitting the road, rotgut in barns. There was nothing else but pinched gentility. Europe was a place to get to. The war was something that might get one to Europe (but his hitch in the air corps never got him there). The world at length, in Paris 1925 as in South Dakota 1908, was simply the loose occasion for ill-assorted people to make, somewhat blindly, the best of things: what it has always been, for most of us, much of the time. The thing written was simply the true record: what, as a minimum condition, it must always be. He

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declined, therefore, the machined short story with its "point." He declined, even, the "well-written" short story, so grouping its details as to release the significance of a revealing moment. Having decided that the existing rhetorics were irrelevant, he repeated for the thousandth time history's permanent drama of reform, declaring that he proposed simply to be natural.

But for what they discard, revolts against artifice substitute nothing more radical than a new artifice. Not even Wordsworth, not even Verlaine, put a stop to poetic diction. McAlmon, shrewd enough to know this law, took a suicidal way of outwitting its dialectic—the way of taking no thought but simply scribbling; amanuensis, merely, of what he had seen.

The stories, therefore, are sufficiently autobiographical to justify Mr. Knoll in arranging some of them now as a chronological record of life in the Plains, Greenwich Village, Paris, Berlin, and the Plains again, 1905-1934. Half a gross of them, two novels, poems, and an autobiography, were written in less than fifteen years. They are badly marred, even on their own terms, by lapses of diction, thumbprints of the author's programmatic refusal to revise. Their virtue is that their record of milieu after milieu is uncorrupted by ideas about how to make a good story out of it.

They amount, finally, to nothing less than a fundamental assault on the thorniest of twentieth-century aesthetic problems, the nature of prose fiction in a time which has experienced the motion picture and has learned to see special pitfalls and temptations in a rhetoric of documentation (does not even Flaherty's *Man of Aran* conceal a sentimental message?). It was William Carlos Williams, writing thirty-eight years ago, who almost alone perceived the scope of McAlmon's intent:

"In his total discarding of every literary support, along with other things goes finally 'le mot juste.' Villon could not exist now if there were the faintest feeling about his writing that he had sought to be effective. McAlmon has seen this instantly. 'Le mot juste' is the ready word, it has no other significance. . . . There cannot be in literature a seeking for words. Round this finally the whole feeling for life in McAlmon's composition grows. It is dangerous ground, but good writing is rare."

It is dangerous indeed; for such free falls the writer needs, if not a compass, a gyroscope, such as Williams himself has constructed. But McAlmon, declining, for good reason, an old discipline because it pointed toward a set of effects he did not want (how Sinclair Lewis cheated with similar material!); rejecting, furthermore, the example of his slightly elder contemporaries and mistaking their programmatic involvement with the past for simple romanticism; determined, finally, not to excogitate any new discipline, lest he think impurities into the mix: McAlmon simply destroyed himself; for his latter years went unsustained by the one thing that keeps a writer going after thirty-five, the sense that his work (widely read or not) is amounting to something.

The need McAlmon felt has since been filled by an Ersatz, the *New Yorker* "casual," a deliberately directionless story (like most of his) which still slyly incorporates (as his did not) what they once called on the MGM lot "production values." Old-fashioned commercial fiction, in short, was succeeded by new-fangled commercial fiction, the children of this world understanding as usual how to manage their affairs. The children of light, on the other hand, have continued to mark time. Fiction interested in other criteria than saleability is either old-fashioned, like Faulkner's, or else dilutes the *New Yorker* formula below the point of offensiveness. And we continue to be haunted by the twenties, like dogs haunted by the ghost of a bone.

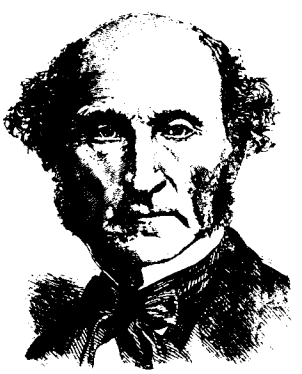
To Educate the Present

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

As late as 1913 J. B. Bury was able to pen in his *History of Freedom of Thought* a triumphant hymn to the eighteenth-century ideals of rationality, freedom and progress. His brief and meager volume was hardly a substitute for Lord Acton's projected but never completed *History of Liberty*, but it was a clear reflection of an age which saw itself whole, progressive, libertarian and rational. These illusions died in 1914 and during the bloody and confused years which followed; and mankind, which had sinned in the nineteenth century by believing too little, sinned even more gravely in the twentieth century by believing too much. The house which rationalism had swept and furnished became the home of all the extravagant ideological and religious commitments which have characterized our century; excess and lawlessness which would have shamed the Wars of Religion became pervasive characteristics of human behavior.

Essays on Politics and Culture, by John Stuart Mill, edited with an introduction by Gertrude Himmelfarb. Doubleday, $4.95

The good men of our age, who began by believing too much, have quite rightly questioned whether or not enthusiasm is a reflex of scepticism. Their questions have gone beyond the examination of liberty and authority to the nineteenth-century view of politics, religion, and culture generally, and from their studies a new image of the nineteenth century is emerging. It is not surprising that the intellectual historian today sees that century more clearly than the century saw itself and recognizes that the image of sanity, of progress, of



John Stuart Mill

". . . sought a union of the thought of Bentham and the thought of Coleridge."

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scepticism, which it presents to the world, was in part whistling in the dark.

As a part of this general inquiry into the nature of the nineteenth century, Gertrude Himmelfarb, in a brilliantly introduced and edited anthology of the essays of John Stuart Mill, helps to recast the image of the nineteenth century, to rediscover the authentic Mill, and, finally, to educate the present.

MILL'S THOUGHT reflects in a singular way the dilemmas and confusions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. His clear but flattened style, rarely touched by passion, never touched by humor, is a model of intellectual probity. But the surface of his prose conceals the tensions present in the man and his age. A recent writer, Robert Carr, in an essay, "The Religious Thought of John Stuart Mill: a Study in Reluctant Scepticism" (*Journal of the History of Ideas*, Oct.-Dec. 1962), puts it well when he states that "perhaps Mill unknowingly described himself as well as his age when in *On Liberty* he characterized Victorian England as an 'age devoid of faith, yet terrified of scepticism.' "

Reading carefully, so as to avoid Mill's unpleasant moments of truth, it is possible to make out a Liberal Mill whose chief distinction is his conformity to twentieth-century Liberal clichés. Gertrude Himmelfarb has discovered (by reading more than one essay thoughtfully) that there was another Mill who speaks more eloquently and truthfully to our own age. But the quest for authority and the fear of scepticism were not the only sources of Mill's unrest. One might extend the list of his terrors, for he was, as were Tocqueville and Acton, convinced that freedom, democracy and progress all wore a double aspect. The problem of these liberal-conservatives is simply put, but so difficult as to defy solution: how is it possible to maximize autonomy, freedom and rationality without fatally wounding organic wholeness and spirituality, or as Mill liked to call it, "imagination"? All three men thought a solution lay in a synthesis of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century thought, in some combination of the ideas of the Enlightenment with the governing ideas of Romanticism and historicism. Mill, for his part, sought in vain for a workable union of the thought of Bentham and the thought of Coleridge.

> ". . . The doctrine of non-intervention, to be a legitimate principle of morality, must be accepted by all governments. The despots must consent to be bound by it as well as the free States. Unless they do, the profession of it by free countries comes but to this miserable issue, that the wrong side may help the wrong, but the right must not help the right. Intervention to enforce non-intervention is always rightful, always normal, if not always prudent. Though it be a mistake to *give* freedom to a people who do not value the boon, it cannot but be right to insist that if they do value it, they shall not be hindered from the pursuit of it by foreign coercion. It might not have been right for England (even apart from the question of prudence) to have taken part with Hungary in its noble struggle against Austria; although the Austrian Government in Hungary was in some sense a foreign yoke. But when, the Hungarians having shown themselves likely to prevail in this struggle, the Russian despot interposed, and joining his force to that of Austria, delivered back the Hungarians, bound hand and foot, to their exasperated oppressors, it would have been an honourable and virtuous act on the part of England to have declared that this should not be, and that if Russia gave assistance to the wrong side, England would aid the right. . ."
>
> JOHN STUART MILL, *Fraser's Magazine*, Dec. 1859.

It is legitimate to enquire whether or not the problem these men posed is a soluble one. Perhaps the traditionalists and authoritarians are correct in assuming that reason and liberty are suspect and that in his fallen nature man is incapable of either right thinking or right acting. Perhaps the traditionalists are correct in asserting that to make liberty an absolute in the face of the metaphysical void which is characteristic of modernity is to drive mankind helplessly and hopelessly into the anti-human ideological pseudo-religions. Mill, sensing the cosmic chill and warming himself at the fireside of Comte's "Religion of Humanity," surely is evidence of the compelling need for faith and the capacity of good and supremely intelligent men for illusion.

But the claims of authority are equally tarnished claims. Authority which violates the conscience and murders the man, wherever it is given the command of the state to preserve a faith or to conform a population to the practice of a religion, can hardly claim that either virtue or the creation of a humane culture is its objective. It is a fact that tradition, authority, sentiment, represented at their best by the Romanticism and historicism of Burke, Wordsworth and Coleridge, are, at their worst, no less a threat to achievement of the fulfillment of man's nature than is a liberty which leads to nihilism. Mill knew this better than most of his contemporaries. Mill was certain that Bentham without the correction of Coleridge was "a systematic and accurately logical half-man; hunting half-truths to their consequences and practical applications. . . ." However, he rejected an unexamined traditionalism which denied the claims of rationality and liberty as equally repugnant. Such a system was what he liked to call "a partial truth."

MILL'S TRAGEDY lay in the fact that his epistemology and his metaphysics were not equal to his ethical vision or his sense of the human condition, and that, while he yearned for faith and searched throughout his lifetime for conviction, he could not get be-

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yond a mitigated scepticism. Mill would not purchase assurance at the price of conforming to overmastering public prejudice, democratic majority opinion and educational indoctrination. He saw the massive engines of conformity in the centralizing state and in the oppressive majority as more dangerous than comforting. He believed that the natural condition of mankind was belief rather than scepticism, and that the age through which he was passing was an age of transition and anomaly.

THIS AGE of transition, however, endured. In the century's interval between ourselves and Mill the problem he posed has not been solved nor the difficulty transcended. Mill's dilemma is the dilemma of our world: a world which can neither sacrifice liberty for conformity and faith, nor sacrifice faith in the name of unconditioned liberty, without doing violence to the wholeness and integrity of man's nature. Mill's substitution of "the cultivation of the feelings" for faith is a dangerous and, in the long run, untenable one. But the stance of modern man, feeling Mill's necessity to believe and to act, but committed to an even less satisfactory epistemology and absolutely devoid of metaphysics, is even more dangerous and hopeless. Until Mill is baptized, as Aristotle once was, both freedom and faith, because of their estrangement, will fail to exercise their full power in human society.

Of Mites and Men

GORDON TULLOCK

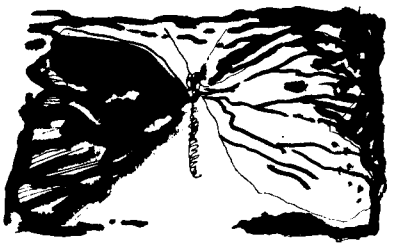
ACCORDING TO the jacket, Rachel Carson "questions our attempt to control the natural world around us." Oddly enough, this is accurate.

Silent Spring, by Rachel Carson. Houghton Mifflin. $5.00

She does. The last paragraph of her book begins: "The 'control of nature' is a phrase conceived in arrogance, born of the Neanderthal age of biology and philosophy, when it was supposed that nature exists for the convenience of man." The book itself, however, with the exception of about ten pages in this last chapter, is simply a long emotional attack upon chemical methods of controlling insects and weeds.

These new and powerful chemicals do indeed raise interesting and difficult problems. An insecticide may, for example, not only destroy insect A, for which it is intended, but also insect B, which normally preys on insect C, which happens to be immune to this particular insecticide. The result may be an increase in the population of insect C, which causes more damage than the original insect. Such errors in the application of insecticides were particularly common in the days right after World War II when DDT was new and the entomologists had accumulated little experience in its use. They are rare now, but sometimes they occur. The reduction in bird population as a result of the destruction of insects upon which the birds feed is a common result of widespread use of pesticides. Further, birds and other forms of wildlife may be directly or indirectly poisoned by the insecticides introduced into their environment by spraying programs.

Some of the new insecticides are quite dangerous unless handled with great care, and have killed people engaged in applying them to crops. It is possible that the tiny residues of DDT which are now found in most foods may be in some way injurious to our health. Dr. Carson often hints



at the danger but she does not actually cite a single fatality from such a cause. Still the possibility is real. Altogether, the problems raised by these chemicals are significant, and not necessarily easy to solve. In deciding whether or not to apply a new insecticide we must weigh the advantage to be gained—normally increased crop production—against the likely disadvantages. The disadvantages may include the killing of some insects that we need not kill, some reduction in the bee and bird population, and some increase in the ability of the insects to resist the insecticide next time we use it. The problem is Burkean, and involves a careful weighing of advantages and disadvantages with due regard to our lack of perfect knowledge.

DR. CARSON makes no contribution to this careful weighing of all the factors involved because she never even considers the advantages of the use of insecticides. Since World War II widespread programs of killing mosquitoes by insecticides have greatly reduced mortality from malaria. Dr. Carson's principal reference to this program consists in telling us that it has killed cats in Java and Venezuela. That it has saved literally millions of human lives is a fact she does not mention. Of course, she does not value cats above human beings, but her preoccupation with the bad effects of chemical insecticides is so extreme that she doesn't even notice their good effects. Her book is replete with examples of the damage which she believes to have been caused by various programs for the extermination of agricultural parasites. There is only one paragraph where the fact that these programs increase agricultural output is discussed. In this paragraph

Forthcoming Reviews

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on *Out of Step* by Frank Chodorov.

Walter Darnell Jacobs on *Fail-Safe* by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler; and *Seven Days in May* by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II.

Sir Shane Leslie on *The Letters of Oscar Wilde.*

Richard M. Weaver on *In Defense of Freedom* by Frank S. Meyer.

Louis M. Hacker on *Insull* by Forrest McDonald.

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she alleges that too much food is being produced anyway!

Nor is she a reliable source of information even on the damaging effects of insecticides. Her approach is emotional and one-sided, and she is careless about her facts. For example, she says that the insecticide "industry is a child of the Second World War. In the course of developing agents of chemical warfare, some of the chemicals created in the laboratory were found to be lethal to insects. The discovery did not come by chance: insects were widely used to test chemicals as agents of death for man."

One needs only a careful reading of Dr. Carson's book itself to realize that this is a distortion. She tells us that the vast majority of modern insecticides are either chlorinated hydrocarbons or organic phosphorus compounds. The first chlorinated hydrocarbon (DDT) was discovered by a Swiss chemist in 1939; and he was not engaged in war work, but in the search for an insecticide. This leaves the organic phosphorus compounds. Dr. Carson says: "The origin of these insecticides has a certain ironic significance. . . . Their insecticidal properties . . . [were] discovered by a German chemist, Gerhard Schrader, in the late 1930s. Almost immediately the German Government recognized the value of these same chemicals as . . . weapons." This is also the reverse of her original statement.

A SIMILAR factual carelessness pervades the book. Perhaps the most astounding contradiction occurs at the beginning of the final chapter, "The Other Road." The first two pages are devoted to urging that chemical methods of insect control be abandoned and biological methods substituted; but the first "biological" method which she proposes is the sterilization of insects by radiation. She then devotes six pages to a discussion of improved *chemical* methods of disposing of insects, all under the rubric of "biological" procedures. All of these methods, of course, are worth considering and certainly worth further research. Our problem, in fact, is to select the best method in each case; we ought not arbitrarily limit ourselves to either biological or chemical methods in spite of Dr. Carson's horror stories.

Silent Spring will probably stimulate public concern about the matter, which is all to the good, since it is an area which does raise major problems of public policy. Unfortunately it will probably also result in a good deal of confusion. To solve difficult problems we need accurate information and serious thought. Dr. Carson's new book provides neither; it is, instead, an obscurantist appeal to the emotions.

Random Notes

● MOVIES: From Utah comes news of another recovery from the buried Homeric Age of the Movies. Erich von Stroheim's original *Greed* (made in 1924) has turned up, all nine hours of it. The celebrated two-hour version made by June Mathis, "unequal, opulent, florid, and instinct with a searing realism which owes as much to the artist's knowledge of human passions as to his profound understanding of the pitiless power of the camera's eye," as Richard Griffith has said of it, "remains one of the greatest examples of cinematography extant." *Greed* is a film version of Frank Norris' *McTeague*, the most strenuously naturalistic of American novels. Zasu Pitts, Gibson Gowland, and Jean Hersholt play the leads. Henri Langlois, curator of the Cinématèque Française, hopes to show the newly found version to Paris audiences soon. No plans have been announced for an American showing.

Not all the curriculum of high schools and colleges is presentable to the public at large. Plato's *Symposium* is up before the Irish Dail for possible banning and Jules Dassin's film *Phaedra* has been condemned by the Legion of Decency. . . . *Variety* reports with steady tongue that Ingrid Bergman will play in Ingmar Bergman's filming of Hjalmar Bergman's "Ingeborg."

● INCIDENTAL: *Hamlet* has been made into a musical by Ray Russell and is called *Come to Me, My Melancholy Dane*. . . . A Moscow TV program, the *Times* reports, showed an American film of Robert Frost reciting his poems, providing simultaneous translation except for one line of "Mending Wall": "Something there is that doesn't love a wall."

● BOOKS: Carl Sandburg will be 85 on January 6th and Harcourt will bring out that day his twenty-third book, *Honey and Salt*, a new volume of poems. . . . Frank Meyer, whose *In Defense of Freedom* has just been published by Regnery ($3.95), is seeing through the press the third printing of his *Moulding of Communists* (Harcourt, $5). . . . When Turgenev visited England Henry James offered to introduce him to any of the great he wished to meet. Turgenev asked above all to meet Jerome K. Jerome. The author of *Three Men on a Bummel* and *Three Men in a Boat*, books in which the best of Mark Twain seems combined with the best of Pickwickian farce, is not that much admired nowadays but it is a delight to have Dover bring out a Jerome reader, *The Humorous World of Jerome K. Jerome*, edited by Robert Hutchinson ($1.).

The entire run of the British critical journal *Scrutiny* (1932-1953) is being republished as a bound set in twenty volumes by Cambridge University Press ($125, or $95 if ordered before publication, spring 1963). F. R. Leavis, its editor over the years, has added a retrospective essay and there is an analytical index. . . . Macmillan has brought out a "biographical symposium" of interviews with Bernard Shaw's neighbors in Ayot St. Lawrence, *Shaw, the Villager and Human Being* ($10). . . . Gregory Corso's *Long Live Man* (New Directions, $1.60), a new book of poems from the upper echelons of the Movement, is scheduled for late November and is advertised as being both lyrical and obscure.

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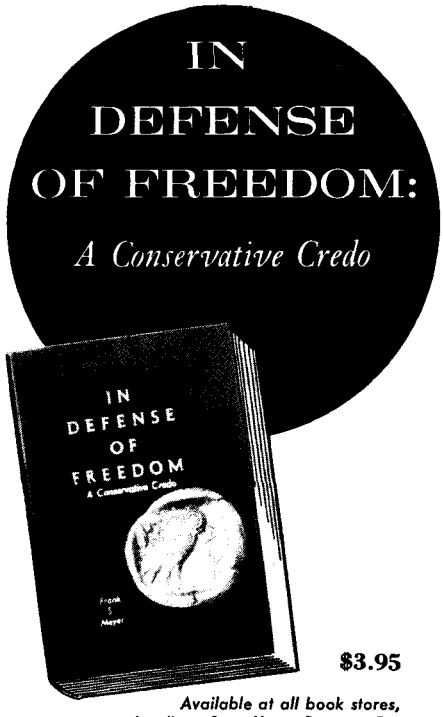
FRANK S. MEYER



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Available at all book stores, or order direct from Henry Regnery Co.

Basing himself upon the great tradition of Western civilization, Mr. Meyer examines the tension between the freedom of the person and the power of social institutions, which exists in all societies. Writing as a Conservative, he maintains that both the prevalent Liberalism of the 20th century and the so-called New Conservatism have greatly overstressed the claims of the social order, with the result that society and the state are presented as possessing a moral value that dwarfs the individual person and tends to justify the repression of his liberties. These liberties, this book maintains, are essential to the pursuit of virtue, which is the purpose of men's lives. Therefore, the proper end of political thought and action is the establishment and preservation of freedom.

Frank S. Meyer was educated at Princeton University and Balliol College (Oxford); he did graduate work at the London School of Economics and the University of Chicago.

In addition to IN DEFENSE OF FREEDOM he is the author of THE MOULDING OF COMMUNISTS. At present he is a Senior Editor of *National Review* and Editorial Advisor to *Modern Age*.

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Textbook on Communism

EUGENE LYONS

INSTRUCTION IN Communism, usually at the high school level, has been made mandatory in a few of our states, permissive in others. The officials and school boards affected, one gathers, are an unhappy lot. Even where they support such education in principle, they are bewildered and worried by the new responsibility.

A Study of Communism, by J. Edgar Hoover. Holt, $3.95

What variety of Communism are they expected to teach? Some Liberal, tolerant, relativist brand, or some angry, condemnatory version? Should the subject be treated as a political-economic philosophy, however mistaken, or as an infectious disease? What happens to the canons of "objectivity" when applied in this subject area? No matter how carefully the curriculum steers a course down the middle, avoiding the shoals of "indoctrination" and neutrality alike, it is likely to offend the sensibilities of the ADA and its kind at one extreme, while arousing the suspicions of the American Legion and its equivalents, even unto Birchers, at the other extreme. After all, there are no precedents, no body of safe, generally accepted authority on Communism, no textbooks and reading lists hallowed by long usage. To make navigation even more perilous, there is the problem of whether and how to deal with official American postures and policies on the international Communist challenge. Government schools face a tough dilemma, both moral and political, in explaining the rapid growth of the Communist empire, involving as it does our own failures and follies.

A Study of Communism by J. Edgar Hoover comes as a welcome—if only partial—answer to the prayers of the distressed school boards. The book was written, he indicates, at the suggestion of "many educators." Hoover's well-earned reputation for integrity and inside knowledge, and particularly his official status, provide them with an "authoritative" textbook, an almost official imprimatur. They thus have a measure of insurance against public complaints.

And it is an adequate textbook, as far as it goes. In calm, elementary style, Hoover presents a well-organized and accurate survey of Communism in theory and in practice. A brief introductory section examines the "attractions" of Communism to individuals in our society and to underdeveloped nations; and why millions, having embraced Communism, are in due time bitterly disillusioned. More detailed sections, amounting to a history of Communism from Karl Marx to date, recount the origins and theories of Communism, its power structure and its methods of operation. Under the heading of "World Expansion," the book then deals with the Comintern and the vast postwar growth of the Red empire. Finally, Hoover describes the specific threats to the U.S. through subversion, infiltration, sabotage and other techniques, somewhat in the manner of his previous book, *Masters of Deceit*.

ON THE aforementioned dilemma posed by national policies, however, the book offers no guidance to the perplexed educators. Except in a few indirect allusions, too subtle for high school pupils, Hoover ignores and evades this critical aspect of the history. As a member of the government, his personal embarrassment is understandable; but the resultant void is all too evident. "The danger which world Communism presents to the free nations," he writes in a foreword, "has not abated. If anything, it has increased." This hardly jibes with the official assumptions in Washington that the Soviet system is "mellowing" and "evolving" in the direction of freedom. At another point, in the body of the book, Hoover also says, "It is obvious, of course, that no real defense can be maintained against Communism unless our government continues to move positively and firmly to protect our freedom." The implications of "continues" distort the truth of this statement.

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But nowhere in this story of Communist expansion is there a suggestion, let alone a forthright declaration, that American and Free World behavior has played any role in that process. There is only one casual reference to the Cold War. Stalin's grabs in Eastern Europe are rehearsed without any mention of Yalta and Potsdam. The conquest of China is compressed into a single page without a word about Washington's contribution to that tragedy. In short, no hint comes through of Western responsibilities for fatuous surrenders of territories, peoples and principles, so that in effect the record of the United States and other democratic powers is whitewashed by silence.

No doubt Mr. Hoover is aware of this, for he warns that "this book is intended only as a point of departure."

Freedom and the Market

EDWARD C. BANFIELD

PROFESSOR MILTON FRIEDMAN, an economic theorist of first rank who is a central figure in the so-called Chicago School of economists, has written, with the assistance of his wife, an eloquent, spirited, and provocative book to show how the ideal of personal freedom may be realized in—and only in—a system of competitive capitalism. No doubt the book will be laughed at or ignored by those who have given both capitalism and freedom up as lost causes (it has not, at this writing, been reviewed by the *New York Times* and apparently it is not going to be). Among those who have given up neither capitalism nor freedom, it should have great influence.

Capitalism and Freedom, by Milton Friedman with the assistance of Rose D. Friedman. Chicago, $3.95

Friedman believes that personal freedom ought to have absolute priority as a criterion of social policy. In his view, nothing can justify infringing freedom except the necessity of preventing another and worse infringement of freedom. The problem of social organization is for him one of arranging matters so as to allow the largest amount of freedom. This means relying upon voluntary exchange relationships—the market—to the greatest extent possible, and not upon political decisions. A great deal of government activity is unavoidable no matter how fully the market is used, he says, and freedom must be protected by dispersing such government power as cannot be dispensed with, and by using checks and balances.

From these familiar premises, he ranges far and wide to examine the specifics of ten great areas of policy discussion (among them: monetary and fiscal matters; the organization of education; racial and other discrimination; monopoly; occupational licensure; the distribution of income; and social welfare measures) and to make clear what the idea of freedom implies for policy in each case. His conclusions will startle many people, including some deep-dyed conservatives. For example, he would turn the schools over to private enterprise, permit anyone to practice medicine, abolish compulsory old age and survivors' insurance, and repeal fair employment practices and right-to-work laws.

ONCE IN THE clutch of Friedman's logic, the most reluctant reader will find it difficult, if not impossible, to escape his conclusions. His is one of the best-trained and most lucid minds of our generation. If I were reviewing his book in another place I would try to entice the reader into his clutch. NATIONAL REVIEW readers, however, are perhaps more in need of caution than of persuasion.

I do not believe that Friedman's main premise regarding the absolute

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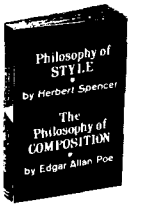

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priority of freedom is defensible. It asserts in effect that gratifying the tastes of individuals, however monstrous those tastes may be, is a good thing *per se*—indeed, from the standpoint of social policy, the only thing that is good *per se*. If we ask *why*, the believer in the ultimum of freedom can give no answer. For if he justified freedom by invoking some other criterion, that other criterion, not freedom, must be considered the ultimate one.

Even if we forbear asking the embarrassing question why, problems remain. When the assertion of one man's freedom would *ipso facto* involve the denial of another man's, some principle must be found by which to decide whose freedom is to be denied. There is no such principle if, as Friedman puts it, the ethical problem is left for the individual to wrestle with. Suppose that A wants to put B into a gas chamber and that B does not want to be put there. Clearly one's freedom must give way to the other's. Either B must be denied his freedom to exist or else A must be denied his freedom to put him into the gas chamber. Which is it to be if there is only one commandment: Thou shalt satisfy tastes?

OBVIOUSLY, if freedom is the only criterion, the majority must be served. It would be absurd to deny the freedom of the greater number simply to protect that of the lesser. If the A's constitute 51 per cent of the population, the B's must go into the gas chambers. Situations as awkward as this do not arise in our society, Friedman correctly points out, both because would-be murderers are in a decided minority and because we have all agreed to a social contract which says that in certain matters the majority—even a very extraordinary majority—shall not rule. The existence of this consensus gets the believer in the principle of absolute freedom off the hook so far as the practical problem is concerned. But the theoretical difficulty, which may at any time become a practical one, remains. How about those matters *not* covered by the social contract and with respect to which the majority is *wrong*?

Friedman's answer, an excellent one as far as it goes, is that a free society has committed itself to proceed by the method of reasonable discussion. But what is there to dis-

Speaking Up • • •

William Rickenbacker, senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW and editor of *The Conservative Almanac*, which begins publication this spring, is also well qualified to speak on investment matters, having had seven years in Wall Street investment research and in investment counseling.

He is currently in the news as a result of the government's suit against him for refusing to answer personal questions in the 1960 census.

Some of his topics include *Investment in America; Fiscal, Monetary and Economic Policy; Principles of Conservatism; The Status of the West;* and *Business and Politics.*

If your university or club would like to hear Mr. Rickenbacker, won't you write? He will be in the South in January, the Midwest in February and early March, and the West in April.

You may also want to write for openings in the schedules of our other speakers: Wm. F. Buckley Jr., L. Brent Bozell, Willmoore Kendall, Russell Kirk, Thomas Molnar, William A. Rusher or Ernest van den Haag.

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cuss between A and B? Nothing, unless perchance A acknowledges there is some principle to which the satisfaction of his tastes ought to be subordinated. In short, it seems to me that however much one values freedom, one must value other things even more. These other things include the maintenance of a consensual order which permits reasonable discussion, the exercise of reason itself, and whatever substantive values the exercise of reason recommends in the particular circumstances.

The Scientist Fictionist

THEODORE STURGEON

AT HIS WORST, Arthur Clarke inadvertently lets his nascences hang out, and one may clearly define the exact process of parturition of one or another of his stories. The author has been researching over a beer with an expert in some field—say cybernetics. The expert remarks offhandedly that a binary computer is really nothing more than a multiplicity of abacuses in series. Starting with this and working backwards, Mr. Clarke then arranges one of these *Tales of Ten Worlds* in which a space ship is lost, the computer has a flat, and there is no spare; but our hero happens to know how to play the abacus, teaches the crew, and so they create or become the computer which brings them home. When engaged in the investiture of narrative upon such bones, Clarke often creates a Thing story and not a People story. Good fiction is never—not *ever*—primarily about Things. And as if aware of this, Clarke will occasionally write a totally People story, and fall off the other end of the teeter-totter into a veritable sluice of sentimentality. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with this *a posteriori* plotsmanship. What one quarrels with is the nature of the narrative seed. One of the most perspicacious saws this department has ever heard is, "You can tell the size of a man by the size of the things that make him angry." A parallel can be applied to Clarke: freely granting that all his techniques are highly polished, his excellence is in direct proportion to the stature of his idea. Therefore he can be forgiven for writing good stories about unimportant Things or People; for when he gets hold of a big one, as in *I Remember Babylon*, he shocks you to the shoelaces; or, as in *Dog Star*, he produces, without *schmalz*, a wrenching pathos. To end, then, as we began: Clarke at his worst can be an irritant. But let us add that at his worst he is considerably better than much of the competition.

Tales of Ten Worlds, by Arthur C. Clarke. Harcourt, $3.95

The Expert Dreamers, edited by Frederick Pohl. Doubleday, $3.95

NINETY per cent of science fiction is unadulterated crud. As a matter of fact, ninety per cent of *everything* is. This statement, the development of which, the constant reader may recall, was partly in these pages, is referred to by Editor Frederick Pohl in his introduction to *The Expert Dreamers* as Sturgeon's Ninety-percent Law. There is danger here that Sturgeon's Law might become diffused, or even lost; let us therefore set the record straight. The above-mentioned statement is Sturgeon's *Revelation*. Sturgeon's Law is quite another thing, a mere elucidation of the dynamic nature of the cosmos and all its contents, and runs: *Nothing is always absolutely so;* and it should be taken as an aperitif before the consumption of knowledge or theory, that we may build toward dynamic equilibria like those of orbital electrons or gulls in gales, and not statically, creating only powdering perishable pyramids. Mr. Pohl has deftly chosen SF stories by real scientists. Some of them—the ubiquitous Clarke, Isaac Asimov, Willy Ley, R. S. Rich-

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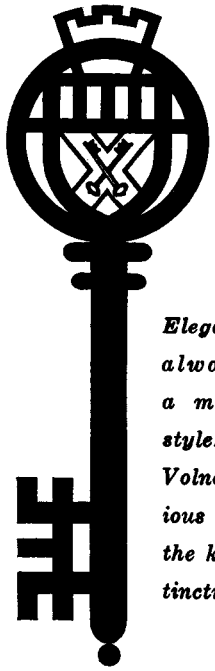

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ardson (of Palomar), Chandler Davis, Lyle and Wm. C. ("Boyd Ellanby") Boyd, G. Harry ("Lee Correy") Stine (who was booted out of his White Sands job for making alarm-clock noises to a sleeping populace while Sputnik I was still in orbit), Milton ("Lee Gregor") Rothman, Joseph ("William Morrison") Samachson, and George O. Smith—are old pros in the SF magazines, and it shows. To us, however, the most fascinating of these sixteen stories are those by non-pros in SF—at least, in magazine SF. One's judgment must not be too exacting; many of these yarns are mere entertainments and lampoons; yet the most merciful criticism suggests that George Gamow should never try this sort of thing for a living and that Fred Hoyle writes fiction as if he were holding his pen with his elbows. The most pleasant surprises are a gay and sardonic view of the future by Dr. Szilard, with only the most whimsical szocial szignificance; a warm and human story by Norbert Wiener; a brief, densely packed delight by English cyberneticist Grey Walter, and—for the technical-minded—a priceless deadpan "scientific" paper from the far future, "On the Feasibility of Coal-Driven Power Stations," by none other than one of the world's original atom-splitters, Dr. Otto Frisch.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ON THE EDGE OF THE RIFT: MEMORIES OF KENYA, by Elspeth Huxley (Morrow, $5.95). The author of *The Flame Trees of Thika* turns to her earlier life in Kenya in this autobiographical account of growing up among the coffee and tobacco plantations of the highveldt, the larger cats (a pet cheetah and wildcat), and an English family ten times more British in their isolation than at home. There is neither plot nor self-characterization here, only sensitive and accurate description done with English restraint. But description is of first importance when one has to convey so much of the unfamiliar: Kikuyu and their ways; the post-World War I planters; hunts and disasters; and the tone of childhood life in an environment both gorgeous and menacing. Mrs. Huxley's prose approaches the graphic exactitude of Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa* and shares something of that classic's extraordinary beauty. There is also something of Julian Huxley's appreciation of African landscape and peoples which informs his *Africa*. That so much misunderstanding should have sprung tragically out of the way of life Mrs. Huxley describes attests to the reaches of stupidity of both the settlers and native Kenyans in assessing each other's motives, for if there were antagonisms at the time of our story they are carefully edited out and a beautifully pastoral fiction substituted. A lovingly written memoir to savor, more than to read up quickly. Published in England as *The Mottled Lizard*.

G. DAVENPORT

THE ANATOMY OF SATIRE, by Gilbert Highet (Princeton, $5.00). Highet calls this a "morphology" of satire—apparently because of a resemblance to Polonius' list of the kinds of drama, or to the rock collection at the Smithsonian Institute. In the absence of a comprehensive history of satire, and not expecting serious literary criticism or intensive period study, the student will find this book helpful as an introductory discussion of the classical beginnings of the mode and as a short sketch of its history—but, chiefly, as a place to look up brief plot summaries and expositions of some pieces of Western satiric literature (it's a pity the book was not *designed* as a reference work), as the author goes merrily along classifying various approaches according to type, sub-type, sub-sub-type, sub-sub-sub. . . .

W. J. FITZPATRICK

THE AMATEUR DEMOCRAT, by James Q. Wilson (Chicago, $6.95). In the flossier sections of America's three largest cities, *Reporter* readers and similar types cluster in numbers large enough to be politically significant. Organizing themselves into rather self-consciously virtuous political committees, they have in recent years set out, with varying success, to "reform" (= take over) the indigenous Democratic ma-

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chines. Mr. Wilson has made a commendably objective study of the goals, techniques and effects of these municipal nuisances, and has thereby added an interesting footnote (though probably no more) to the chronicle of contemporary American politics. But his subjects are unlikely to thank him, for after analyzing their performance with flatteringly close attention, he concludes, rather surprisingly for a Harvard lecturer, that these amateurs—with their insistence on a programmatic party, their demands for internal party democracy and their disdain of patronage—are trying to replace the traditional American political processes with an entirely new set that is neither "desirable [nor] feasible."

W. A. RUSHER

A TRAGEDY OF HISTORY, by Bert Andrews and Peter Andrews (Luce, $4.75). When Bert Andrews, Washington Bureau chief of the *New York Herald Tribune*, died in 1953, he left among his papers an unfinished manuscript on the Hiss case. The work had been begun during the first trial of Alger Hiss and dropped when it became apparent that two other books on the same subject would be in print before his. The manuscript has now been "completed" by his son, Peter Andrews—also a newsman. The book should receive high marks for braving the wrath of the Hissites by categorically stating that Chambers was telling the truth and Hiss lying. But it adds little to the literature of the famous case. Bert Andrews was on the inside during the early days of the famous conflict—and he served Richard Nixon well by backstopping him. But too much of significance that became known during the two trials and the various Hiss appeals is ignored in *A Tragedy of History* to offer either documentary virtue or new insights. Collateral issues which were still unsettled at the time Bert Andrews was writing are still left hanging. The new material is tarnished by minor errors of fact and major errors of understanding. A thorough job of research, coupled to the inside view of Bert Andrews, might have made this an important book. As it is, *A Tragedy of History* is pretty thin. W. W. GARFIELD

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George Washington in his Thanksgiving Day Proclamation of 1789

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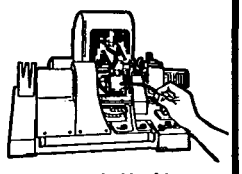

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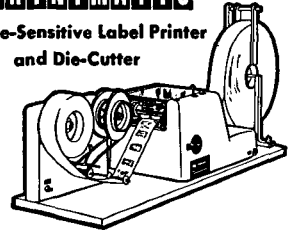

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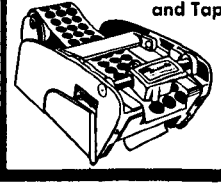

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To the Editor

Cuban Triumph

Your coolly reasoned editorial [Nov. 6] on the President's action on Cuba was unfortunately too accurate about the effect a Communist "deal" would have on American resolve to settle the Cuban problem. The sad fact seems to be that our leaders will not seek victory, even when it's within their grasp.

Cleveland, O. A. L. DAVIS

In World War II we demanded total destruction of an enemy on the other side of the ocean. Now all we ask of an enemy 90 miles away is that he hide his nuclear weapons from the sight of UN inspectors. A toast to Liberal internationalism—while there's still an American revenue stamp on the vodka bottle.

New York City J. R. BARTON

Imperium Cubae delendum est.

Elysian Fields SCIPIO

Fueler of the Fire

Your otherwise excellent coverage of the Conservative Party rally in the Nov. 6th issue omitted mention of the brilliant speech of Frank S. Meyer. His oratory early stirred the audience to that high level of enthusiasm which, as you report, so conspicuously marked the meeting.

New York City E. MERRITT

The Mess in Mississippi

I congratulate you on the tone and tolerance in the article on the Mississippi situation in NATIONAL REVIEW for October 23. Though I do agree entirely with you, I especially endorse the last paragraph.

The Hartford incident shows Barnett to be a complete fool. It is deplorable that in its crisis Mississippi did not have a man of larger calibre to direct its affairs.

For the past hundred years there has poured forth from the northern press a constant stream of self-righteous criticism of the South. Our orthodox history has been written in such a spirit of bias as to be a disgrace to its authors. And that is in part why there is so much misunderstanding of the South. The irony in the attempt of the descendants of the slave traders to remove the mote from the eyes of the slave holders, seems to have completely escaped our historians.

Gatlinburg, Tenn. J. A. PEOPLES

Your recent bitter attack upon Mississippi [Oct. 23] and the people of the South surprised and astounded the thousands of followers you were building up in this country. It seems you have already done what Edmund Burke said he "would not know how to do," and that is "write an indictment against an entire people."

Jackson, Miss. M. M. MC GOWAN

If I had been in that dormitory which was senselessly bombarded with tear gas (to deliberately promote the riot to justify troops), I would have obliged them on principle, and I would have come out damn mad and ready to raise hell!

Mtn. Brook, Ala. JAMES J. BAUMGARTNER

It never ceases to amaze me why you go to such extreme efforts to write an article like this which can only antagonize the bitter hatred we in the South have for you damn-yankees.

Weyanoke, La. ELENA PERCY

One would think that the action of the Mississippi governor in personally acting as Registrar of Ole Miss would engender in our publicity-seeking millionaire President a headlining role of Registrar of Harvard. After all, the Kennedys were able to get Ted into Harvard, so why shouldn't they do the same for the exemplary twenty-nine-year-old student from Mississippi, rather than calling out the army?

Woodbury, N.Y. FREDERIC DE PEYSTER

Governor Barnett will go to jail when they come get him.... NOT BEFORE! The South may have its hypocrites, but it has no corner on the market. Have you done any "blockbusting" in your neighborhood lately?

Baton Rouge, La. J. E. VAN VALKENBURG

Why is it that people who are four feet tall want to cut down anyone who is ten feet tall as you have attempted to do to Ross Barnett, and as was done to Gen. Edwin Walker?

Jackson, Miss. EDNA SAIK

It should first be noted that the so-called "responsible middle class" (shop owners, doctors, lawyers, accountants, managers, etc.) supports Governor Barnett strongly. Not only because he declares their principles but also because he is an idealistic and brave man.

Pass Christian, Miss. SAMUEL R. STEWART

The whole argument for integration is based on a lie—racial equality. For the latest revelation on this subject, I refer you to the writings of Dr. Carleton S. Coon, *magna cum laude* from Harvard, and president of the American Association of Physical Anthropologists, which present scientific evidence that the Negro race is 200,000 years behind the Caucasian race in evolution.

Nashville, Tenn. J. S. GRIGSBY JR.

Barnett is no more defending legitimate home rule than Mao Tse-tung is a genuine agrarian reformer.

Cleveland, O. LOUIS L. APPLEYARD

In your next reference to General Walker please raise the question: "What business did the ex-candidate for governor of Texas have for being in Mississippi in the first place?"

Columbus, O. ROBERT M. LINHART

Perplexing to me is your often averred support of the rights of Negroes as free citizens while denying at the same time the right of any federal authority to enforce these rights. You are certainly too sophisticated to believe that white voters of the sovereign states of the Deep South are going to enfranchise Negroes of their own free will. But I am even more perplexed by what seems to me a double standard in your application of the issue you so often uphold—that of the free individual *vs.* state paternalism. What makes you believe James Meredith is not speaking and willing for himself with virtue as his honest aim?

Philadelphia, Pa. SAMUEL Y. EDGERTON JR.

Regrettable Phrase

I have a bone to pick with your Mr. Futch and his use of the idiom "nigger in the woodpile" ["Whose Opinion is World Opinion?" Oct. 23]. Let me make it utterly clear that I am

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not one of those who might make the fatuous objection that the melanistic xylophile might be Dr. Carver. I object as a professional communicator, and maintain that the effect on me was precisely that of abruptly finding a squashed caterpillar on the page. The simile is carefully chosen; I mean to express to you that what Mr. Futch had to say was in fact more interesting, and of more significance, than the offending phrase. It is exactly this that I resent; he broke communication with it, and with me.

And I could put it this way. Had Mr. Futch been writing on race relations I might have disagreed with him; I might even have been offended; but I would not have objected.

As to the phrase itself, it might seem possible, at first blush, to defend its use on the grounds that it has been around a long time and is well established; is, actually, to be "conserved" on this semantic plane. Thinking this through, however, brings to mind that there are a great many more pungent expressions, of greater antiquity, and far wider acceptance, that you would under no circumstance use in NATIONAL REVIEW. And when Paul Krassner uses them in *The Realist,* they somehow never come out sounding very conservative. . . .

The phrase jars. It's archaic, more cliché than proverb. Its presence seeps through the pages to the masthead. Its use bespeaks impoverishment of the vocabulary. And it is certainly out of place with the superbly composed editorial on Ross Barnett in the same issue.

Woodstock, N.Y. THEODORE STURGEON

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Voice to the Enslaved

James Rorty implies [Oct. 23] that VOA should be concerned only with giving the gospel of freedom to the Russian people. While the Russians do constitute a majority of the population of the Soviet Union (approximately 59 per cent in 1959), they are as a group the least rebellious of all peoples subjugated by the Communists. Except for a handful of intellectuals who have demonstrated their dissatisfaction with the regime's *internal* policies, the Russian people are in no mood for rebellion nor would they (as history has demonstrated again and again: 1611, 1812, 1917-9, 1941) welcome an end to the present form of government which has made the Russians as a nation the masters of an Empire which is, in their minds, first Russian and second Communist. Had Mr. Rorty appreciated this fact he would have criticized VOA for spending enormous sums on the Russians and very little on the non-Russians.

The belief that the Russian people are the greatest enemy of Communism was furthered by Mr. Rorty's reference to recent *de facto* uprisings within the Soviet Union, *e.g.,* Vorkuta and Kingir. The camps in question hold mainly "bourgeois-nationalists," Ukrainians, Lithuanians, Uzbeks and other non-Russians. Russian political criminals are segregated from non-Russians for their own safety. Similarly, the Komsomol rebellion at Tamir-Tau was perpetrated by non-Russians who had been forced to leave their native lands to work for the benefit of Russia. Indiscrimate use of the term "Russia" in reference to the entire area of the USSR by Mr. Rorty is inexcusable. We are betraying, through our ignorance of the ethnic, composition (with its attendant nationalisms, which are anti-Russian Communist) of the USSR, the peoples who consciously and *en masse* look to us for deliverance. How much better are we than the Communists if we do not realize that there is a Ukraine, a Lithuania, an Uzbekistan, an Armenia, Georgia and so on?

While "the number of Russians who understand the truth about the Cold War is pitiably small" indeed, the number of non-Russians who not only understand the truth about the Cold War but wish to do something about it, is tremendous. Unless we appreciate this fact and demonstrate

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our appreciation through USIS, the UN and the Department of State, we will witness the day when the area from the Baltic to the Urals and probably beyond will identify itself as Russian.

Kent, O. JOHN T. ZUBAL

When They Begin the Begum

A number of us have been mortified by the invitations recently sent out to the Costume Cavalcade at the State Department by Mrs. Dean Rusk and the Wives of Commonwealth Ambassadors.

On the sponsoring committee is Her Excellency Lady Beale and H.E. Lady Ormsby Gore; H.E. Begum Shereen Ariz Ashmed of Pakistan; H.E. Shrimiti Shobha Nehru of India; and even Malaya is represented by H.E. Datin Ong Yoke Lin. From the United States? The invitation announces merely "In the Presence of *Mrs.* John F. Kennedy."

What a letdown for our great nation! At least it might have read, "In the Presence of Her Highness, Dame Jacqueline, Wife of President of the U.S.A." Even "In the Presence of H.E., Lady Jacqueline" would have been better.

But is our nation not yet of age to accept a fitting title? "In the Presence of H.R.H. Jacqueline, First Wife of the President, Les Etats Unis"—just that delicate touch of sophistication that places our First Lady where she belongs. An end to this false Benjamin Franklin-stove modesty of "Mrs." Please *do something* about this, as it must be embarrassing to our Leader.

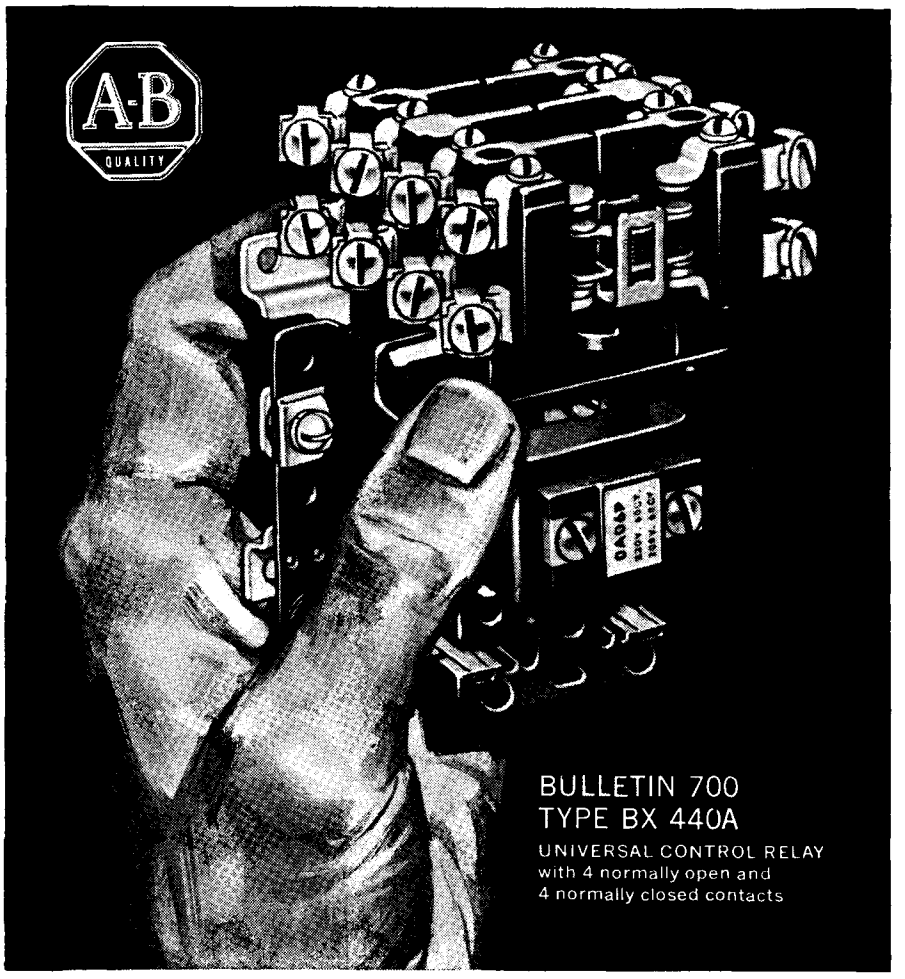
Lovettsville, Va. P. DE MURPHY

H.H. The Begum of Bronxville

Richter Picketer

De Toledano's unwarranted assault [Oct. 9] upon the genius of Sviatoslav Richter has stirred me to organize Richter's die-hard American supporters into a group whose primary aim is the preservation and enhancement of Richter's reputation as an artist. The ultimate goal of our group, which is called the Fair Play for Richter Committee, is to wipe out the last vestiges of anti-Richterism.

Although the size of our organization is small at present (we number only one, myself), we expect our ranks to swell rapidly as indignant pro-Richterite Americans read de Toledano's heretical words. At the first meeting, with a quorum in attendance, our group voted unani-



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mously to picket de Toledano's residence until he rescinds his blasphemous remarks.

Baltimore, Md. JOHN P. SHEA

Datum Erratum

I have been an avid subscriber to your publication for some months now and consider it an excellent magazine. I was very disappointed to see [Nov. 6] that ABC would use a Remington Rand Univac for its election night coverage. They used a Minneapolis Honeywell 400.

New York City GERALD M. LEARY

Our data-processing editor was erroneously programmed. —ED.

HOPES AND FEARS

(Continued from p. 388)

reassures the Kremlin. At the same time he puts a stiff price on British participation in Europe: France's acceptance in the Western political and nuclear directorate.

Can the Gaullist dream materialize? Not unless it is a genuine trend that can survive both him and Adenauer. What is frightening is the fragility of the Gaullist structure; the price paid for it, the demolition of the French army, the unscathed survival of the Communist Party, the shelving of the parliamentary system, and the fact that de Gaulle's plans are always shrouded in mystery. There is a point at which Machiavellism yields negative results. Europeans, confused by de Gaulle, now ask whether he isn't using Germany as a stepping-stone for wider ambitions, whether he understands the nature of Communism, whether he isn't preparing a Gaullist neutrality—as dangerous as Washington-sponsored appeasement.

Finally, it would be foolish to underestimate the anti-Gaullist forces in Europe, many of whom enjoy British and American support. Politicians like Spaak and Fanfani, often for different reasons, do not want "adventures," do not *want* their Europe to be distracted from comfortable coexistence with both the United States and Soviet Russia—and with the Left, which, for the time being at least, allows them to govern, to toss jobs to a swelling, multi-party bureaucracy, to be in tune with the times.

An answer to all this? Gaullism, perhaps—without de Gaulle.

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